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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Disarmament

DISARMAMENT was always close to the hearts of peacemakers. The fourth of Wilson's Fourteen Points called for a reduction in armaments "to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." Through Wilson the clause was included in the Treaty of Versailles.

The first stage was simple: the armed forces of the Central Powers were strictly limited as "the first steps towards that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they [the League powers] seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventatives of war and which would be one of the first actions of the League of Nations to promote."

The second step was the creation of an emerging system of collective security in order that the decaying systems of national security could be hastened to their death.

It was never taken.

The Treaty of Mutual Assistance of 1923, providing for collective security, found no supporters. The Geneva Protocol of 1924, the first great act that could have prevented the Second World War, was defeated when the first British Labor Government was defeated. For then the cynicism of the Tory Foreign Secretary, Sir Austin Chamberlain, was added to the indifference of the USA and the hostility of the USSR.

Yet the hopes for disarmament still lived. Herriot, Aristide Briand, Benes, Lord Cecil, Uncle Arthur Henderson, all great men, fought a continuing struggle for disarmament. For citizens' groups in all countries, disarmament was the central issue around which the struggle for peace was organized. Litvinov called for the abolition of all armed forces and all war ministries in 1928, as the Preparatory Commission met. In 1930, the Draft Treaty, the result of five years' work, was concluded and the World Disarmament Conference was called.

But disarmament took its place at the table of nations, as the banquet was breaking up.

The Conference worked desperately against time. Twenty-six nations favored the outlawing of chemical and bacteriological warfare; only eight wanted control of national production of poisonous chemicals. Fourteen countries asked for the abolition of heavy artillery; thirteen for the end of the bomber. Tanks and capital ships were more popular. There was no basis for agreement. The USSR offered its own unacceptable plan. The French proposal for a world armed force and world civil-aviation service was defeated. America's delegate, Hugh Gibson, explaining one of his votes, asserted, "The principle of unanimity in international gatherings is the bulwark of national independence."

The Conference failed.

For the principles of the League, Baldwin and Tardieu substituted the "realities" of the Big Four—the other two being Germany and Italy. The USSR went its own way with bilateral non-aggression pacts. As fascists moved to power, Herriot and Henderson fought losing battles. By 1934, the new armaments race was on.

DISARMAMENT failed for two principal reasons. *First*, there was no alternative security system to national security, and no parallel efforts to create a system of collective security as nations disarmed. The League lacked power. The Soviet proposal for total disarmament was irresponsible because it was made at a time when the USSR was denouncing the League as a "thieves' kitchen."

Second, there was no parallel effort to destroy the forces in the world that lead to war.

The immediate causes of the failure of the World Disarmament Conference were the German elections of March, 1932, and the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War. In a world of fascism, disarmament was folly.

Today, Article Eleven of the UN Charter provides for consideration of "the principles governing disarmament." On October 29, Foreign Minister Molotov invoked this clause. It is for the UN to seize this opportunity and move ahead.

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The lessons of the last peace continue to hold good.

First, there can be no disarmament without a collective-security system. It means these things:

Full world control of atomic energy.
Inspection of all arms production.
A United Nations armed force.
Education for One World.

It is within the power of the Assembly to move on these issues. The Paris conference of UNESCO can strike out for a revision of textbooks this week. The Combined Chiefs of Staff of Britain and America are today discussing the standardization of our armaments. Why not propose to all the United Nations that all of our weapons be standardized as a first step toward disarmament?

Second, a world of disarmed nations means a world free of fascism. If the United Nations are to disarm, the UN must become a universal system if its members are not to be imperiled by states outside it, maintaining armed forces. But, in or out of the UN, the idea of the Argentine and Spanish governments existing without the protection of armed forces is absurd. This is the appalling weakness, open for all the world to scorn, in the case of Britain and America against the USSR.

A third lesson of the last peace is that treaties mean little beside the international spirit. "To have peace," said Henderson not long before he died, "we must not only sign treaties renouncing the right to resort to war. We must abolish the national equipment and institutions that make war possible, and the private interests that live by war. I have ideas on how to improve and how to use the League, but the most urgent need is to bring these great powers, the United States and the Soviet Union, into the task of organizing peace."

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Civilians for Atom Control

THE HAPPIEST circumstance about the five men appointed to the Atomic Energy Commission is that they are all civilians. The danger that atomic force would remain in military hands seemed to have been removed some months ago with the passage of the McMahon bill. Even so, it is a healthy practice to pause again and recall how slim was the margin and how lucky the chance by which we escaped. The victory for civilian control of nuclear energy stands out as the single exception in a year which added pearl after pearl to the necklace of military domination. The tougher the problems became, the quicker the Administration Babbitts accepted the solution of passing them on to the Army and Navy, because officers, at least, were "safe" and "loyal."

Even after the passage of the civilian-control law, some danger still remained that the military would keep its grip on atomic energy. The obvious device was the appointment of commissioners who were civilians in the sense that they wore pin-striped suits, but who were actually stooges for the brass hats. But the men whom Truman chose, in a moment of good judgment, guarantee that the victory is solid and complete.

The critical appointments, in respect of this lingering threat, were those of the one scientist and the one "ex-military" type who, it was clear, should be included on the five-man board. It was always possible, indeed probable, that the President would plump for one of the stuffed-shirt scientists, one of the scientists-turned-administrators-turned-politicians whose decisions are those of the alliance of heavy industry and the Army and Navy, the joint source of the money that keeps the big scientific institutions and endowments going. Dr. Robert F. Bacher is, praise God, not one of these. The integrity of his social philosophy is as profound as that of his scientific thinking.

Similarly, former Rear Admiral Lewis L. Strauss is one of the few men who served in the self-exalting atmosphere of the highest Navy echelon without succumbing to auto-hypnosis. He was intimately concerned with scientific research and development during the war and in this particular field he repeatedly and effectively fought to keep the military in its proper relationship to the rest of the nation. He demonstrated that he has that rare perspective which can distinguish between a sturdy defensive arm and a militaristic tentacle.

THE APPOINTMENT af David E. Lilienthal is, of course, of surpassing importance. The only possible adjective applicable to this choice is "perfect." Perhaps it cannot be said that his appointment as chairman of the Commission was indispensable for its success, and yet it is very difficult to conceive of any other man under whom the Commission would have half a chance. Certainly liberals and progressives had long since given up the attempt. It would be supererogation to detail the obvious reasons why Lilienthal was the ideal choice.

As for the other two members, Sumner Pike and William W. Waymack, the drama critics' word "adequate" is woefully insufficient. In their own rights these men are precisely the types with precisely the backgrounds for a job of such overwhelming importance. Together with the other three members they comprise a set of appointments the like of which the capitol has not seen for 18 months.

That the Commission is of such stature is a lucky thing. Its responsibility to the people of the United States is enormous. And until international control of atomic energy is achieved, and while this country has a practical monopoly in the science, the Commission is also trustee to the whole world. To America, it

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must make good the promise of the new force; to the world it must provide a demonstration project as impressive and as healthful as the TVA.

In his statement announcing the Commission's formation, President Truman put the emphasis where it belonged, pointing out that the full hope of atomic energy cannot be realized until international controls have been set up. The important point is that no group of persons has a better opportunity to contribute toward such agreement than the Commission. By developing and putting into use the peaceful benefits of nuclear energy, it can show a new richness for other lands to share. It can make the carrot dangling before their eyes become real, something to touch and smell and taste, and not merely a vision which other nations are now not quite sure will ever materialize.

By an intelligent policy for making scientific information available, the Commission can render another kind of service in the cause of international agreement. It can make known to scientists of other nations those basic facts which, once understood, lead with the inevitability of a geometric proposition to one conclusion, the one which Acheson and Lilienthal were constrained to reach seven months ago.

And as a third form of aid to agreement, the Commission can show that atomic energy, now real only as a fiendish instrument of war, is to be converted in the United States into a servant, no less real, of science, health and abundance. The Commission can give the world an earnest of America's intentions.

These demonstrations and this development cannot be achieved over night. The transition period during which the Manhattan Project will be transferred to the Commission will be a long one, and the Commission wisely plans to be deliberate in the process. It will, as it must, build slowly, as befits the job of beating the world's biggest sword into its biggest plowshare.

The Real-Estaters' Plan

THE National Association of Real Estate Boards is launching an all-out national campaign to abolish rent control. It is no longer a 10 or 15-per-cent increase in rent ceilings which the real-estate lobby is seeking. As Herbert U. Nelson, executive vice-president of NAREB, delicately put it: "Hell, we're going to wipe out rent control and the whole damn business this time."

As an opening gun in its campaign, NAREB is distributing 500,000 copies of a pamphlet called "Roofs

Things to Watch Out For

The present trend toward establishing international commissions which have little or no real power will continue. The proposed international maritime organization has already been beaten into impotence. The US has announced its unwillingness to set up a world petroleum commission with more than advisory powers. And the international civil-aviation organization (still provisional) is finding it extremely difficult to get money.

An angry group of Democratic congressmen will hurry back to Washington within the next few weeks to demand Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson's scalp. During this election the local Democratic politicians found that the Department of Agriculture's reputation was so bad that it was almost futile to campaign at all wherever cotton, wheat or livestock are grown.

Representative Helen Douglas Mankin of Atlanta will protest the seating of James C. Davis at the opening of the Eightieth Congress. The refusal of the US Supreme Court to grant a hearing last week to the Georgia appellants seeking to challenge the constitutionality of the county-unit system in that state removes the practical possibility of establishing majority rule through court action. Mrs. Mankin will ask the Congress to seat her instead of her opponent on the ground that her name was left off the final election ballot in spite of the fact that she received a majority of the votes over Judge Davis in the Democratic primary.

The drastic breaks in the OPA in the last two weeks may sweep away the whole agency almost immediately. It may now be unable even to hold controls on automobiles, clothing, industrial material, furniture and building materials—the basic items which we recently predicted would be the last to go.

Even if everything else goes, rent controls will be retained at least until the new Congress convenes. Soon after that time, the strong campaign which the real-estate and building interests are already waging against controls on rents and building materials will produce a breakdown of anti-inflation at this point too.

The veterans' emergency housing program will face a critical labor shortage next spring unless present apprentice training programs can be got into high gear. To take care of housing needs, the 618,000 apprentices in training now must be increased to at least one million by the middle of 1947.

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or Ceilings?," written by Milton Friedman, who is listed as an associate professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, and George J. Stigler, a professor of Economics at Brown University.

The economic theory is that the housing shortage can be solved, and homes found for all "doubled-up" veterans and newly-weds, by abolishing rent controls. And how? It's very simple. Professors Friedman and Stigler have the answer all worked out:

As soon as rent ceilings are gone, raise rents high enough so that some other persons will be forced to double up.

Said the two economists: "The essence of the problem is that some persons must be compelled or induced to use less housing than they are willing to pay for at present legal rents."

What they advocate is "rationing by high rents." They point out that before the war many families did not have money enough to rent homes of their own. They had to double up. Then the war came along, incomes rose and many of these families tried to get "more and better housing." Since there were rent ceilings, they could afford it.

"Rent ceilings," the two authors went on, "have important effects in reducing the efficiency with which housing is now being used by those who do not double up. The incentives to economize space are much weaker than before the war."

"Roofs or ceilings" implies that high enough rents would quickly bring back the good old prewar type of doubling up. Or, as the pamphlet puts it, "Doubling up would be by those who had space to spare and wanted [the word is not needed] extra income, not as now, by those who act from a sense of family duty or obligation."

Lest their program create a little alarm in the minds of renters, the two professors hasten to offer reassurance.

1. In the first place, they say, the biggest rent rises would be assessed against new tenants and those without leases. They say that tenants with leases might not have to pay more at all. However, they do not show how the high rents for new tenants might affect the veterans and newly-weds who are to move into the places vacated by families who have been forced to double up.

2. "After a year or so," the average rent increase might not amount to more than 30 percent. This, they add, would mean a rise of only five percent in the cost of living.

3. High rents would not be inflationary. The extra income received by landlords "would be offset by the decrease in funds available to tenants for the purchase of goods and services." In other words if the landlord were richer, the tenant would be poorer, and there would be no change in inflationary pressures.

Simple, isn't it?

Election Story

MARTHA SHARP was born in Providence, Rhode Island. She was graduated from Radcliffe and married a young Unitarian minister. Together they served as Directors of American Relief for Czechoslovakia in 1939. All through the war, she worked for the Red Cross and the Unitarian Service Committee, aiding refugees in Portugal, feeding starving children in France. She believed in active participation of citizens in democracy. So she ran for Congress against Representative Joseph Martin.

Her appeal to the voters of Fall River was great. It threatened Martin's future for the first time in 10 years. Early in the campaign she was told: Get out of the race and a good job will be waiting for you; stay in, and you'll be sorry. She stayed in.

We understand on good authority that Ernie Adamson, counsel of the Wood-Rankin Committee, was given a pep talk by the Martin forces. As the majority party in the House, the Republicans would soon control the committee. Ernie left for Boston and spent several days asking questions about Mrs. Sharp's relief work; the word was spread around: the Wood-Rankin Committee was investigating Mrs. Sharp as a Communist agent.

As the campaign continued, Mrs. Sharp asked Harvard experts to conduct a poll on Martin's campaign. They found that Mrs. Sharp had been successfully smeared on the grounds that she had traveled in Europe and was, therefore, not to be trusted; she was supported by the CIO-PAC and was, therefore, radical; she was getting a divorce (untrue); she did not look after her two children (untrue). They found that these rumors were carried by Catholic priests.

The Church actively entered the campaign on Martin's behalf. The Reverend Howard Brooks, director of the Unitarian Service Committee, charged that Father Ambrose Bowen of Fall River had advance knowledge of Adamson's plans and that, without the knowledge of his bishop, he had told the Fall River War Veterans' Council that the committee was Communist-controlled. Father Bowen admitted that the charge was true.

Mrs. Sharp's campaign manager in Fall River at that time, John Harrington, is a veteran, a lawyer and a Catholic. Progressives charge that Harrington was told by Father Bowen to withdraw from the campaign, but refused. Father Bowen, it is charged, advised Mrs. Harrington to make her husband resign if he valued his future in Fall River. Harrington resigned.

Hearing of this, National Democratic Headquarters are said to have protested to the Boston hierarchy. They were told that the Church could do nothing, since it does not interfere in politics.

Mrs. Sharp has learned the costs of good citizenship. Martin is back in Congress, the people's choice.

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Washington Wire—Forward in Reverse

BOW YOUR HEADS, FOLKS, conservatism has hit America. All the rest of the world is moving Left, America is moving Right. It's an extraordinary phenomenon, well worth watching. Is it a bad thing? Not necessarily, in the long run. The 80th Congress is going to be tough—but the outgoing 79th, under nominal Democratic control, wasn't much better. The deadlock between Executive and Legislature should be tighter; the next two years should be an interval of increasing frustration and stalemate. In effect, the Truman Administration has received a "no-confidence" vote. Theoretically, the President could now name Arthur Vandenberg or Tom Dewey as Secretary of State, and resign. That would be the logical thing in a parliamentary system: give the opposition immediate responsibility. But that isn't the way we do things. President Truman must linger on for two years, just as Taft did and Wilson did and poor Hoover did, dependent for success on opposition votes which won't be forthcoming.

Americans operate, on the whole successfully, a system of divided powers which, carried to any logical conclusion, would seem bound to produce chaos. The British are often praised for political instinct, but could they operate our system? We doubt it. Try making Attlee prime minister and Churchill leader of a Commons majority, and see what would happen. The political genius of no other nation but America could surmount such a deadlock. In the days ahead we should always remember that we are doing what probably no other nation could accomplish.

We have been trying to figure out how often a President faces a hostile party in control of one or both houses of Congress. Well, between the end of the Civil War (1865) and the first Roosevelt Administration (1933) there were 68 years. There were 34 Congresses. During 12 years of that time the Senate belonged to a party hostile to the President. During 18 years the House was controlled by the opposition. Much of this time overlapped. The total time in which one or both houses were controlled by the rival party —able to thwart, veto or frustrate the President's program —was 22 years, or about 32 percent of the total. Just because Franklin Roosevelt held nominal Democratic majorities for all his dozen years in office we have forgotten this other tradition in American government, that in about one year out of three party control is divided in Washington between feuding parties while the chasm between President and Congress yawns wider. How the American system works is a source of considerable awe and mystery to foreigners, and even to some Americans. But it does work. It seems to show that it is not so much institutions that count in government as the traditions that keep them running.

Any way you look at it, organized labor is in for trouble in America, and the election brings it closer. When President Truman vetoed the restrictive Case bill the present House came within five votes of overriding his veto. The new House just elected would have overridden him. In the Senate, Joseph Ball (R, Minn.), spearhead of the Ball-Burton-Hatch Act, is all set to go with new labor legislation. Though he has dropped his original proposal for compulsory arbitration, he is set to outlaw the closed shop and to equalize the Wagner Act. If this Congress ever starts "equalizing" the Wagner Act there won't be much left of it.

A lot of organized labor's perils are its own fault, a lot more are due to growing pains. In 10 years its membership has multiplied five times. Very soon now this vast new fair-weather membership will meet the test of the first recession. Nobody can justify the division of organized labor into rival feuding clans. Nobody can justify feudal barons like John L. Lewis except as a sign of labor immaturity. There have been too many strikes even for a labor sympathizer; such a jurisdictional battle as the current ugly contest between the carpenters and the stagehands (both AFL) in the West Coast studios, seems to us perfectly suicidal and a challenge to the whole labor movement.

Yes, everything looks like trouble on the labor front. The economics of the situation are inflammatory. The big labor leaders here don't want strikes. With almost any encouragement from big business and the Administration, they would avoid them. But wage demands to meet new peak living costs are irresistible. If labor leaders don't ask for higher wages now as current contracts expire, the rank and file will force them to. Labor leaders with whom we talk think Lewis brought his demands in now partly to beat the gun on forthcoming legislation. With a sympathetic Congress the wild men of American industry can easily create a situation that will force a terrific showdown. Such a showdown, to labor's cost, came after World War I and the AFL lost 25 percent of its membership in three years. Labor bounded ahead again, and will this time, too, if a crisis is precipitated. But wise leadership in government, industry and labor could yet avoid such a struggle.

Notes. – Truman's prestige was so low that he did not make a political speech in the campaign. . . . Mead may succeed Hannegan as Democratic national chairman. . . . A Republican House will open every session with a prayer and end it with a probe. . . . Efforts to get statesmanlike, conservative James W. Wadsworth (R, N. Y.) to run against lightweight Joe Martin (R, Mass.) for the speakership didn't get very far. . . . Current quip about Bob Taft's habit of employing brilliant logic to arrive at a wrong conclusion: "He has the best mind in the Senate—until he makes it up." . . . Wilson Wyatt is disillusioned, disheartened; like Paul Porter he stays on from a sense of patriotic duty. . . . Dewey probably now has the best chance for the GOP presidential nomination, with Taft second, Vandenberg next (if Dewey-Taft kill each other off) . . . . Taft's superior brains are expected to show up Bricker, his Ohio rival, in the next two Senate years.

Washington T. R. B.

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Molotov and Austin

by Vincent Sheean

THE NEW CHIEF of the American delegation to the United Nations, Warren Austin, spoke for the United States at the end of Wednesday afternoon's session of the General Assembly. It was a relief amounting to joy. Austin was neither brilliant nor profound, but he certainly was honest. In the unfortunate year we have just traversed, one of our major afflictions has been the lack of a voice in which we could feel the pulse of our people. No matter how hard they may try, Truman and Byrnes never seem to give us this particular thing, this necessary thing, a sense of the true and great in the American republic. Austin did.

Some of the reasons are apparent at a glance. Byrnes has moved a good deal in the course of the year; his last report to the nation was far more in line with the historical requirements than most of his previous utterances have been. But in his case there is a glaring contradiction for which he is not personally responsible but which tends to vitiate his efforts at home and abroad. That is, of course, the nature of the society which produced him and which for many years he represented in the American Congress. The representative of a society based on slavery cannot give the world lessons in democracy; the world yawns and thinks of something else. And for quite different reasons, reasons to be sought in the mysteries of the personality, Truman fails to stir, to move, to persuade or to convince. His speech at the opening of the Assembly contained a tremendous historical concession, the admission that "majority rights"—that is, the traditional American concept of the juridical equality of states—no longer fit our necessities. He coupled this, it is true, with the statement that the veto power also is an impediment; but the positive importance of his advance in the matter of juridical equality ought to be seen. That it passed very nearly unperceived was owing to the dull and unimpressive way in which it was presented. The electricity, so to speak, was not turned on.

But the rural-electrification system, the hills of Vermont, the stout hearts of the citizens and all the things we learned in school, the general sum of our conditions, came to life for a few minutes while Austin was speaking. His task was to state the views of the government of the United States upon the situation, and the body of his speech had, of course, been prepared for some time. But Molotov had delivered, on the preceding day, a speech of considerable importance, and an answer was required. The first two pages of Austin's address provided this answer, and can be understood only in relation to the Molotov speech of the day before.

Molotov had spoken at immense length in order to propose a measure of disarmament which, as everybody on earth knows, the Soviet Union has no intention of carrying out. A ruder, cruder, rougher and tougher piece of consummate dishonesty has never been thrown into an international assembly. Molotov has the manners of a Simon Legree and the mind of a 1917 doctrinaire, impervious to reason and oblivious of fact. The colossal changes that have taken place in the scientific realities of the physical universe through the application of Professor Einstein's formulas for mass, energy and light, reinforcing, as they do, an absolute technological supremacy on the part of the American people, constitute a situation new in history. To apply to this situation the childishly inadequate doctrines of 1850 on social arrangements, "inevitable" collapses and the like, constantly mistaking a part for the whole, constantly misinterpreting the causal and secondary phenomena, striking warlike attitudes in a museum and shouting Karl Marx at the moon—all this is worse than useless, and yet it seems to be about the best Molotov can offer. The disservice he is doing to the Soviet Union is obvious, and never more so than in this speech.

AMBASSADOR OF ILL WILL

There are men who can ruin the best case by the way they present it, and Molotov has attained to that category by now. Observe his treatment of Bernard Baruch. There are many Americans who do not admire Baruch much and who have received his proposals with reserve; but that is our affair, a family affair. It is no part of the business of the Soviet Foreign Minister to come here and tell us whom we should appoint to office. We know what he thinks, but he departs very far indeed from the ordinary standards of decent behavior when he hurls it all at us in this hostile manner. The accusations, insinuations and plain insults which clutter up Molotov's speech of Tuesday afternoon obscure and gravely weaken the objective validity of much that he had to say. He is by now so bitterly disliked by all the delegations of all countries (probably including his own) that even the most modest attempt to stand up to him evokes wild applause. I had the feeling Wednesday that the Soviet delegates themselves might have applauded some of Austin's remarks if they dared.

What was the gist of the exchange between them? Molotov proposed a discussion of disarmament and

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Austin accepted it. That was all. And yet Molotov managed to get into his speech such a Scythian horde of savage hatred and ill will that he revealed to us all how alien is his mind to any concept of permanent peace. And indeed it is true that according to the Leninist dogma as it has been ossified under Stalin there can be no peace between a socialist or proto-socialist state and the capitalist economies. What this dogma ignores is life itself, which is perpetually changing its terms, forms and meaning. Capitalism is no longer what it was when Lenin, exiled, powerless and philosophically contemplative, analyzed its inner law and evolved the iron rules of dialectic materialism. The proto-socialist state in the Soviet Union has developed in ways sharply opposed to a considerable number of the fundamental ideas of Lenin. Changes of quintessential importance have taken place in the conditions of production in both societies, and will continue to take place according to the dictates of necessity. But above all this is the age of Einstein, not of Lenin: the social philosophy withers into comparative insignificance before the formulas for the transmutation of matter into energy.

War under these circumstances is such an absurd idea that even the most old-fashioned doctrinaires must sooner or later face the scientific reality, which is that we must make peace or perish. The Russians at the present moment are technologically so far behind us that they do not even fully understand or appreciate the situation, although they have some shrewd notions of it. They apparently think that by carrying off to Russia some hundreds of German scientists and some thousands of German technicians they can reproduce or surpass our technology within a historically determined future. This is again a fallacy which ignores the forces of life: German technology was the only one in existence which approached ours, but it developed under specifically German conditions and cannot be reproduced in slavery. The science of psychology, with all its imperfections and exaggerations, has much to teach, and contains truths which are not in the least determined by social and economic systems. The present official attitude of the Soviet Union toward psychology ("there is no such thing as neurosis," etc., etc.) is a very revealing aspect of the solidification and ossification of doctrine.

Permanent, Multilateral Disarmament

Austin said: "After the last war we made the mistake of disarming unilaterally. We shall not repeat that mistake."

Among the statements made in the first two pages of his address (the part which was in answer to Molotov) this is perhaps the most important. Our people demanded demobilization the moment the war was over, and it was achieved. Since then it has become apparent that certain elements in the hierarchy of the

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Soviet Union are incapable of thinking in terms of permanent peace, or even of prolonged peace. Every arrangement appears to be provisory in Molotov's mind; these things are expedients and stopgaps and springboards of one sort or another to get us across a few years until the great cataclysm will, according to his system of belief, inevitably occur. For an example, and this is only one, take his argument on the question of who is to vote in the international zone of Trieste. He said in Paris that the vote should be given not only to the present inhabitants but to those who will, he made it quite plain, be brought in from Yugoslavia. This unscrupulous principle exhibited the insecurity of the arrangement and the clear intention of the Soviet Foreign Office to alter it. How is it possible to disarm under such conditions? Austin, with two simple declarative sentences, expressed what is the unmistakable sense of the whole American people. We shall not disarm unless others do, and our arms are mightier than the Russians think.

The speech was sturdy and clear, but it was not at all menacing. If Molotov sees a threat in it—as he probably does—he is wrong again. No "reactionary forces," to use his own dialect, can ever drag our people into war against the Soviet Union. When he talks of "dollar diplomacy" he is inhabiting another era: our dollars are no longer sacred and we have scarcely any diplomacy. But if the Soviet Union attacks us we shall destroy it. If Molotov does not understand this simple fact he is wholly incapable of conducting the foreign policy of his own great country in the age of Einstein. When we think of the achievement of the Russian people, their sacrifices and their suffering, their incomparable contribution to the historic results, all their joy and sorrow and hope for twenty-five years, it is impossible to feel anything but the warmest friendship for them. But so long as their foreign affairs are conducted from the tomb of Tutankhamen, which is approximately Molotov's habitat, they run terrible and unnecessary dangers. It may be hoped that this, too, will change in accordance with the forces of life and of the physical universe which are even more powerful than those social and economic forces which harness the mind of Molotov.

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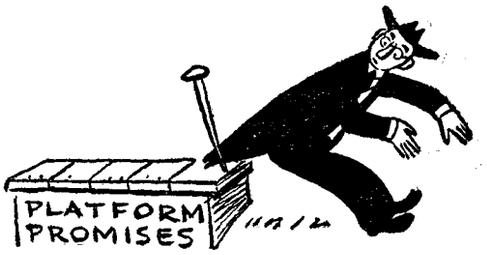

Nail 'em Down!

A GREAT MAN managed the political campaign of 1946—Nicholas Biddle. When Biddle called together his campaign managers in 1840, he told them:

If General Harrison is taken up as a candidate it will be on account of the past—let him say nothing, promise nothing. Let no committee, no convention, no town meeting ever extract from him a single word about what he thinks now or will do hereafter.

Great words to remember, Chairman Reece. It took Brazilla Carroll Reece of the Republican National Committee a lot longer to say all this than Biddle, but his campaign managers obviously got the idea.

Back in September, 1945, Joseph Martin, the Prince Rupert of his party, announced the program for the 1946 campaign:

We plan to set before the country a definite and a concise statement of the aims and objectives of the Republican Party. We plan to do this in such a manner as will leave no room for questioning as to where the Republicans stand on the issues before the country.

People won't fall asleep when they read it. It will be no two-hour proclamation, and everyone can understand it.

After two months of labor, Martin gave to Congress his party's statement of principles, policies and objectives. It was a great statement, a tremendous statement, one that would have made Biddle glow with pride and admiration for his followers. It announced that the issue for 1946 was the struggle between "radicalism, regimentation, all-powerful bureaucracy, class exploitation, deficit spending and machine politics" (meaning President Truman) and "protection of the American way of life" (by the Republican Party).

That was about all there was in the statement. When the groans, the laughter and the sighs of relief subsided, Albert Gore of Tennessee declared that a Republican columnist had

warned that the platform must . . . be more than an endorsement of the constitution, the flag, and mother love and kindness to dumb animals. If it is going to be any good, it will have to say something, and if it does not say anything, then they might as well go play poker.

Over the cries of hurt Republicans, Gore added:

Mr. Speaker, if that is the case, it looks as if our Republican colleagues are going to have a busy social season because about all this masterpiece of evasion says is this:

> We're against taxes, we're against sin
> We're against keeping the Democrats in.

Back in 1840, Biddle soon had the campaign going in fine style. Daniel Webster offered to step off his pedestal to fight anyone who accused him of being an aristocrat. William Seward rode around in an old green wagon calling for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Poor Martin Van Buren, who tried hard to be serious and opposed the popular demand for the annexation of Texas because he knew it meant war, was accused of using cologne water on his whiskers. Up went log cabins just like old Tippecanoe's in all the new and bustling cities of America. Out came the barrels of hard cider. A good time was had by all.

No one could reasonably have expected log cabins or cabins of any kind this year. All that reasonable men found lacking in the 1946 campaign was the hard cider.

Election year in 1946 was certainly the silly season and not the proving ground for our democracy. Ignor-

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ing, in kindness, the banalities, forgetting with weary impatience the unending cries of "Communist!," here are some of the most serious assurances of our new leaders:

Edward Martin of Pennsylvania: "The federal government should drop one million of its employees to save taxpayers about three billion dollars annually."

Harold Knutson of Minnesota: "We Republicans pledge a 20-percent reduction on individual income taxes for the year 1947 if we win control of the House in November."

Joseph Martin of Massachusetts: "The executive branch, with its overswollen bureaucracy, will be stripped of its emergency and wartime powers, and these United States will return to constitutional government. We will repeal the stifling war powers of the Chief Executive and find out how many of the administrative directives can be immediately rescinded."

John Bricker of Ohio: "There is only one way to bring up American production, to produce sanity in government and to drive out alien influences, and that is by the election of the entire Republican slate."

These generalities might have brought gladness to Nicholas Biddle. In New York, Governor Dewey was made of sterner stuff. He took the platform of the Republican Party away out on a limb. To veterans, Dewey promised continuation of his "comprehensive program" for those "who by their courage and endurance contributed so greatly to victory." To the farmers, Dewey promised "continued responsiveness to farm problems, an alert and active effort . . . a vigilant and constant endeavor. . . ." To labor, Dewey promised "an even greater participation of labor in the formulation of state labor policies." But Dewey was not content with only a platform. He elaborated his position in speech after rousing speech.

PM summed up the stand of the Governor on the burning issues of the day:

I'm convinced Palestine is here to stay.

Education is, by and large, the most effective means of learning anything.

Priorities take precedence over everything else.

Minorities are fewer than other people.

Veterans will be guaranteed the same consideration that we give to ex-members of the armed services.

Down in the South, Democrats also campaigned. But for reactionaries no promises of any kind were necessary. "Campaign tom-toms will soon resound," said the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* when McKellar arrived to give Tennessee a working-over. But McKellar spared his state the tom-toms and took his doctor's advice to save his throat.

A great debate might have been developed in the summer and autumn of 1946. What crucial issues presented themselves before the American electorate! How manfully they were thrust into the background! A working coalition, founded to present one foreign policy for a progressive nation, on Senator Vandenberg's terms, extended to most phases of domestic policy. Those Democratic progressives who wanted to speak out were held at arm's length while a reactionary press tried to club them into silence. But it was these men alone who drew, from a lethargic and anxious people, great multitudes and resounding cheers in meeting halls from coast to coast.

Farewell dear Van
You're not our man
To guide the ship
We'll try old Tip.

Biddle was clever. There were great issues in 1840. There was still a chance to debate and settle the slavery issue before it led to an irrepressible conflict; to plan the future of the United States currency by deciding the policies of the Second United States Bank and to determine in peace the future of Texas and Mexico. But the hard cider was better than hard thinking and the jokes were brilliantly funny.

It worked very well—for a time. Van Buren was beaten. As Biddle proposed a toast to his friends, as the happy Whigs celebrated the success of their subterfuge—they forgot that America was a progressive na-

Drawings by Leo Hershfield

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tion. They overlooked a tiny fact: a handful of 7,000 citizens had voted for a political mite called the Liberty Party. They could not have known that twenty years later the mite would, as the Republican Party, carry Abe Lincoln to the White House.

Beneath the pleasantries of 1946, a people searched for expression of new and powerful truths. They had work to do at once, in remembering that Joe Martin had said in a rash moment, "We will see to it that veterans actually get houses to live in." Those are promises to remember. Also, the Democratic Party needs to remember how the mite grew, before it decides to forget the assertive power of America, and the lesson of 1840 and 1946.

The New Atomic Commission

The New Republic *here presents brief vignettes of the five newly appointed members of the Atomic Energy Commission.*

David E. Lilienthal

DAVID ELI LILIENTHAL eats, sleeps and works with regularity. He rides a horse, boxes and has a garden. He is 47 years old and is an intellectual, but he is not the pale, idiosyncratic intellectual that fills fiction. He is big, good-looking, friendly, and laughs heartily. He is essentially very serious, impatient because he cannot make a better world sooner. He is a bit of a crusader and his capacity for long, sustained work comes from the fact that he has dedicated his life to all men and not just to himself. He is a shrewd budgeter of his energy and if he takes time for recreation, it is to do his work better. He may take his worries and concerns a little further into his non-working hours than he sometimes likes, but he is not the kind of man who carries a briefcase full of papers home at night. His small home in Norris is free of pretense and complexity. At present his daughter Nancy is working in Washington and David Junior, recently discharged from the Navy, will return to college. His wife Helen is a companion for his intellect. It is with her that he checks his own good judgment and finds out whether his intuitions are right.

I have never seen the Phi Beta Kappa key that was given him at De Pauw University. He graduated from Harvard Law School and practised law in Chicago. As a member of the Wisconsin Public Service Commission he attracted national attention, and President Roosevelt did what came naturally when he chose him to set up public-power distribution in the TVA territory. His book, *TVA—Democracy on the March*, has been translated into 22 languages.

CHARLES KRUTCH

Robert Fox Bacher

Robert Fox Bacher really wanted to continue living a quiet academic life as professor of Physics at Cornell University. He took on his new job because he has an implacable social conscience. It's a poor heart that never rejoices: when nuclear physicists relax, they relax. But Bacher has never been known to take a serious problem frivolously.

He is not a spectacular personality. At 41 he is a tall, healthy man with dark hair and an air of calm energy. He's on the quiet side, but never up in the clouds. He is liberal but not Left. Above all, he is practical. He develops his opinions from facts rather than inspiration, and never makes snap judgments. As a moderator he can be ingenious, but he never compromises on principles. He works well with people, handling their sensitivities with tact and understanding. The younger scientists who worked for him value his friendship as much as they respect his abilities. Everybody who has worked with him likes him. The only thing that bothers his friends is his habit of walking their legs off when he decides to take off on a cross-country ramble.

Bacher will give the Commission the technical experience of one of the best physicists in the country. Even as a graduate student at the University of Michigan he made remarkable contributions to science. He specialized in spectroscopy and found out what influence the behavior of the atomic nucleus had on the spectrum of the atom. He devised means for determining the velocity of slow neutrons. At Los Alamos, he had charge of manufacturing the actual atomic bomb. When the first test bomb exploded, Bacher was elated, but not for long. He went into this work with full consciousness of the terrible implications of the new weapon, yet he felt somehow that its very threat would force nations into understanding. He still feels that way.

I. I. RABI

Sumner Pike

Sumner Pike has an amazingly detailed knowledge of the American economy. A geologist, he knows oil as few people do—he's prospected for it. He knows transportation: Those who have traveled across the country with him have heard him count off every stop, every time schedule and almost every locomotive, in advance, and have seen railroad experts flabbergasted by his understanding of their business. He knows industrial power: he has run his own electric utility. He knows finance: he was until recently a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission. He made a fortune in

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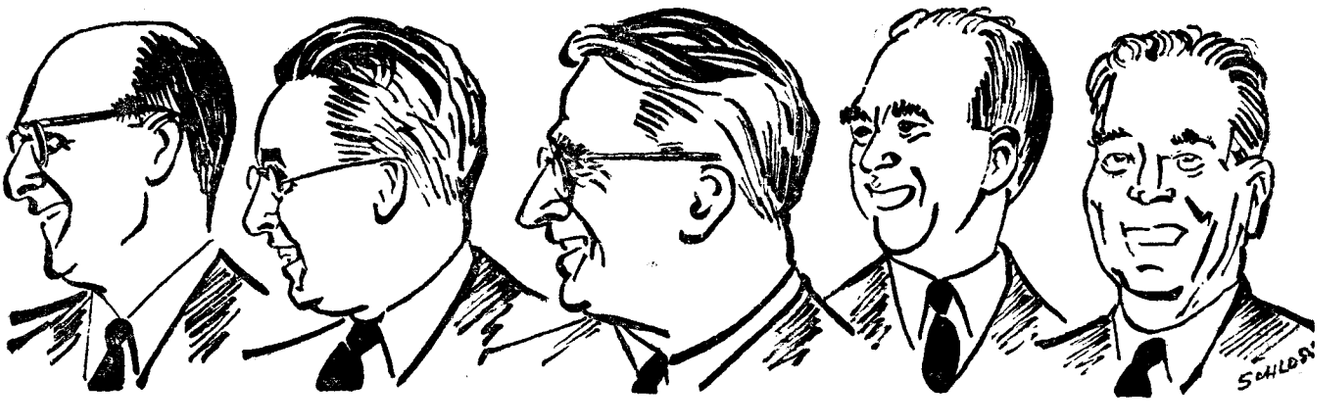

LILIENTHAL BACHER WAYMACK STRAUSS PIKE

Wall Street, retired in his forties, and has been working ever since—dedicating himself to public service. He is a Republican; he worked for the New Deal Administration. He is every inch an American; he has immense sympathy, based on first-hand knowledge, of the peoples of every country.

When Sumner Pike speaks, you know that he is a New England Yankee (he's from Maine). He has an open book account, reads everything. When you walk into his house, books are piled everywhere—tables, chairs, floor. Blue-gray eyes watch you smilingly but shrewdly—he's a good poker player. He talks rapidly, surely and cleverly. He has infinite charm. His complexion is ruddy, his hair gray. He is over six feet tall.

After his "retirement," Sumner Pike took a trip around the world. Then he became an assistant to Harry Hopkins, at that time Secretary of Commerce. President Roosevelt appointed him to the SEC as a Republican. Wall Street businessmen were painfully surprised to find him eagerly and intelligently helping to enforce the Public Utility Holding Company Act. He was responsible for some of the best TNEC monographs. Leon Henderson induced him to become chief of the Oil Price Section of the OPA. There, at the sacrifice of some old and cherished friendships, he put up a valiant and effective fight against high prices.

One of his ancestors discovered Pike's Peak. There is little Sumner won't discover. JEROME N. FRANK

Rear Admiral Lewis Strauss

Once Rear Admiral Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss, US Naval Reserve, gets hold of a problem, he goes all out to solve it in the quickest time, with the least effort and a minimum of lost motion. He seldom relaxes: he is much too busy. The time is long since past when, as a partner in the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb, he could go out to his country place in Culpepper County, Virginia, and take care of his horses and cattle of a weekend. Six feet tall and well set up, he impresses his listeners as an easy and penetrating talker. He has plenty of imagination: years before the war he made nuclear physics his pet hobby.

After the last war Strauss attended the Peace Conference as secretary to Herbert Hoover, then came back to Kuhn, Loeb. In 1941, the Secretary of the Navy virtually drafted him as Staff Assistant to the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. He also became a special assistant to the Secretary of the Navy. He is credited with developing many of the Navy's secret weapons. He is married and has a son, Lewis Jr., now at Harvard. THOMAS WHITESIDE

William Wesley Waymack

William Wesley Waymack is a Midwesterner who is a citizen of the world. He was born along the Mississippi, went to school along the Missouri, worked and lived his adult life along the Raccoon and the Des Moines. He reads philosophy on his farm, once met Cordell Hull in a Model-T Ford, names pedigreed stock after renowned friends. He has visited all parts of the country and many parts of the globe. Whether in Moscow, Iowa, or Moscow, Russia, he travels much in time, thought and feeling.

"WWW" is an individualist who believes in private responsibility. He has had duties with the press in both its aspects—private business and public service. As editor and official he has contributed to the development of both professional and business ethics. He is a "citizen statesman." He has tried to broaden the concept of self-interest through such activities as the National Policy Committee and the National Farm Institute.

He is a public servant who has never sought office. He has discharged with distinction official assignments for the Federal Reserve System, the War Labor Board, the Departments of State and Agriculture.

His outlook is humane as opposed to technical. Though not a physical scientist, he has long used the scientific method in dealing with social problems. He believes in the potentialities of the human mind and heart. He has faith that when men meet in good will they can discover their common interests and resolve their conflicts.

He is a civilian who has studied deeply military history, particularly naval and air affairs.

In recent years he has been spending more of his time on his farm, trying to catch the broad pattern of multitudinous details and large affairs. R. J. BLAKELY

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End the Franco Tyranny!

An Appeal to the UN Assembly

by Jose Giral

WORLD WAR II, which ended in the defeat of Nazi Germany, left Franco Spain armed and untouched. But since 1936 Spain's fortunes had been bound to those of the Nazis. It was natural, therefore, that rumors concerning Franco's downfall should be prevalent and credible. Those who believed these rumors hoped either for a return of the rejected Spanish monarchy, that the Spanish people would rise up against their fascist dictator, or that some international action would be taken to restore the republic by peaceable means.

We who have worked on the Spanish question know that a return of the monarchy would mean nothing more than reaction under a new name. The monarchist solution would satisfy those who are interested only in international aspects of the problem and not in the dignity and welfare of the Spanish people. Because of our close contact with resistance forces inside Spain, we know also that the people of Spain neither desire nor intend that civil war shall again come to their country.

In order that the Franco regime may be liquidated, that the democratic development begun under the republic may be continued and that Spain may take her place among the United Nations, it is imperative that international action be taken at once. To be effective and just, such action must be taken with the knowledge and support of the Spanish Republican Government-in-Exile. For in my government are represented all the Spanish republican parties and the two great labor organizations, the CNT and the UGT. Members of these political parties and labor organizations form the Spanish underground movement known as the National Alliance of Democratic Forces. Thus, my government represents the widest coalition of anti-Franco elements abroad, while the National Alliance represents the same coalition inside Spain.

Relations between the forces within Spain and those abroad are continuous, and this contact has not been impeded by the closing of the French frontier or the placing of hundreds of thousands of Franco's troops in the border zone. Representatives of the forces inside Spain have attended all the congresses of the republican political parties and the Spanish labor organizations in France. After taking active part in the discussions, they have returned to Spain to resume their place in the struggle. Furthermore, two of the ministers of my government—the most conservative and the most advanced—Sanchez Guerra, representing the conservative and Catholic forces, and Jose E. Leiva of the CNT, were elected by the underground. They crossed the French frontier secretly to join my cabinet.

The political problem of Spain has aroused worldwide interest because of the dramatic circumstances accompanying General Franco's *coup d'état*, because of the long sacrifice of the people during the civil war and because of the barefaced intervention of Germany and Italy. The world thus became aware that there existed in Spain a serious political-social problem.

DEMOCRACY V. FEUDALISM

The Spanish republic which was elected in April, 1931, represented an attempt to introduce into Spain dynamic modern democracy. The republic tried, first, to carry out a program of agrarian reform which, in bettering the condition of agricultural workers and sharecroppers, would produce not only greater social justice but also a larger economic return; second, to democratize the army; and third, while respecting the sentiments of a largely Catholic people, to prevent interference by the hierarchy in political affairs.

All the events which occurred in Spain from 1931 to 1934 were connected with the struggle between a modern democracy working toward maturity and a remnant of feudalism struggling for survival. But from the year 1933 on, Hitler intervened in Spanish affairs, supporting the feudal forces in an effort to separate Spain from Western democracy and incorporate her into the German sphere of influence. General Franco's coup of July 19, 1936, represented the synthesis and convergence of the internal and external anti-democratic currents. Franco was joined in his rebellion by the bishops, the landowners and the army officers, all traditional supporters of reaction in Spain. And with them arose the elements of a fascist movement favoring a Spanish international policy dictated by Berlin and Rome.

The government of the Spanish republic, therefore, is faced by two problems: first, to bring Spain back into the political-historical sphere to which she belongs; and second, to continue the democratic process interrupted by Franco. A democratic republic offers a solution to both these great problems.

By reason of its formation, its doctrine and its history, Western democracy has always found enthusiastic proponents in Spain. While the monarchist and feudal

Jose Giral is Premier of the Spanish Republican Government-in-Exile.

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forces were pro-German in 1914-18 and again in 1939-45, the numerically larger democratic forces sent thousands of volunteers to the anti-fascist armies. These volunteers and their brothers inside Spain have been waiting patiently for the world to help them restore democracy to their country. In the meantime they and their republican government cannot help remembering that Russia was the only country, with the exception of Mexico, to help them in their struggle against the Italo-German aggressors. The feeling for Russia is one of deep gratitude. But the communist philosophy has never taken root in Spain, and this gratitude cannot deflect the Spanish republic from the fulfilment of its historical duties toward the Western world.

Today the General Assembly of the United Nations is seeking a solution to the problem of Franco Spain. I appeal to the Assembly: Sever diplomatic and, if necessary, economic, relations with the Franco regime!

Some circles, even within the UN, argue that severance of economic relations would worsen the food situation for Spain. Were this true, the Spanish people would be willing to suffer. But it is not true. Because of Franco's need for foreign purchasing power, Spain at present is exporting large quantities of foodstuffs which could better be used to feed her people at home. In 1945, Spain exported foodstuffs to the United States valued at $40 million and England received imports amounting to $68 million. Although the Spanish people lack olive oil, the one source of fat in the typical Spanish diet, Franco exported more than $18 million worth in 1945.

Franco came to power with the aid of Hitler and Mussolini, now deposed and dead. If Franco remains in power against the will of the Spanish people, he does so because the United Nations are unwilling to take action against him. To the peoples of the world this failure to act will mean that the new world organization has not attained its primary objective, that of assuring peace and curing at its inception any situation which might lead to war.

If I cannot address the Assembly, at least I can speak here for Spain and for the UN. The UN must, if it is to earn the respect of the world, destroy the last vestige of fascism as represented by Franco, restore the freedom and dignity of the Spanish people and integrate Spain into the concert of a free world.

Jim Crow in Washington

by Robert E. Sherwood

The jim-crow restrictions in the theatres in Washington are anachronistic and scandalous. As one of my Washington friends said to me the other day, "They are relics of the time when Washington was considered a sleepy old Southern town. Nobody seems to have informed the theatre owners that this has become a great cosmopolitan capital."

There is no local law or ordinance imposing these restrictions. It is a matter of "custom" or "tradition," variously interpreted. The situation is complicated and confusing but, as I understand it, the following policies prevail:

In the National Theatre, Negroes are permitted on the stage but not in the audience.

In Constitution Hall they are permitted in the audience but not on the stage (except occasionally at benefits).

At the Uline Arena, Negroes are admitted to prize-fights but not to such intellectual entertainments as the "Ice-Capades."

The Lisner Auditorium of George Washington University is a large, modern, well equipped theatre which has recently become available from time to time for commercial productions. The first play booked there is the Playwrights' Company production of Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," starring Ingrid Bergman. When Miss Bergman's appearance was announced, the demand for tickets was so enormous that the seats for all three weeks of the engagement were sold out by mail order even before the box office was opened. There was no question in the minds of the Playwrights' Company of any racial discrimination in the sale of these tickets and, undoubtedly, a proportionate number of the tickets have gone to Negroes. However, the authorities of the University decided that the Lisner Auditorium must conform to the general practice of Washington theatres and refuse admission to Negroes.

Washington is an important unit in the economy of the theatre. It is what is known as "a great show town." The audiences are exceptionally intelligent and the press generous in its support of the theatre as an institution. However, the revenue to be derived is poor compensation for the injury done to the conscience of American citizens by this continuance of injustice in our national capital.

I believe that only a small minority of the people of Washington want Jim Crow to continue—and there is surely no law compelling that minority to go to the theatre if they object to the presence of Negroes.

Therefore, I believe that it is the duty of all of us who work in the American theatre—actors, playwrights, producers—to protest against this intolerable situation by agreeing that we shall keep our productions out of Washington until the ban against Negroes is abolished.

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Why the Pilots Strike

by Heinz Eulau

ONLY A YEAR ago Captain George Sleeth, pilot of a Trans World Air DC-3 flying the eight-hour New York to Kansas City route, did not even dream of ever striking. But on October 21, for almost the first time in US commercial air-line history, George Sleeth and his 1,400 fellow pilots, organized in the AFL's small, respected Air Line Pilots' Association, went out on strike against TWA. "There is one thing I want you to get straight," Sleeth, who is a rank-and-file striker, told me. "The impression has been created in the press that we fellows are after big money, and that this is an irresponsible strike. This just isn't true. We didn't rush into this strike. It took us thirteen months to become convinced that there is no other way to get a square deal. And as to the big money, that's just nonsense."

The issue of the TWA strike was the union's demand for an extension of the old TWA-ALPA agreement to provide new wages and working conditions for pilots flying the powerful, postwar Skymasters and Constellations. These tremendous airships, weighing 71,800 and 90,000 pounds gross weight and flying 220 and 280 miles per hour respectively, have created working conditions not covered by the old agreement. But the company simply wanted the old contract, based on 1934 pay scales and the famous bare-minimum Decision 83 of the National Labor Board, projected into the higher speeds of the postwar planes and the new conditions. The union refused this sham proposal.

Take the example of George Sleeth, who now flies a DC-3. What would his pay and working conditions be if he were assigned to piloting a Constellation? Under the existing agreement, he is entitled to a monthly base pay ranging from $133 to $250, depending on length of service. He receives, in addition, hourly pay based on a scale of day and night rates and depending on his plane's mileage per hour. He is permitted to fly 85 hours a month, but his average monthly flying time is closer to 77 hours. He is not paid for hours spent on duty apart from being in the air. In case of bad weather or engine trouble, he may spend as much as 24 hours on duty for an eight-hour flight. He receives no pay for the extra 16 hours. Even under the best conditions, involving 12 hours of duty, he is paid for only eight hours.

When people hear that George Sleeth, flying a DC-3, receives an hourly wage of $4.60 for day and $6.90 for night flying, plus his base pay, they figure that he makes big money. But it doesn't look that way to George Sleeth. When I talked with him, Sleeth, like most pilots, didn't make very much of the risks involved in his nerve-wracking profession which alone should entitle him to relatively high pay. "Scheduled commercial flying statistics," he said, "prove that the hazards are not too great."

Regardless of hazards, a pilot's career is without a definite future. Every year he has to pass two physical tests and two flight checks. He has his job only so long as he can pass these examinations. He may be retired at any time. On retirement he receives no pension. "If a man reaches the age of fifty," Sleeth thought, "he is doing pretty well." Because his career is relatively short, the pilot's income must not only cover current living expenses, but must make provision for the future. His insurance commitments are far heavier than those of the average person.

THE ECONOMICS OF HIGH-SPEED FLYING

If experience and good judgment enable George Sleeth to pilot a DC-3, he needs even more experience to fly a Skymaster or a Constellation. His responsibilities will be much greater. The equipment he would be handling is much more expensive ($800,000 to $900,000). The machines are much more difficult to maneuver. The addition of a flight engineer to the crew makes the captain's task heavier rather than lighter. And, as the grounding of the Constellations has shown, their safety margin is, for the time being at least, lower than that of the smaller planes.

But the economics of flying high-speed planes are even more decisive in the ALPA's demands for higher wages and better conditions for pilots in charge of the new equipment. High-speed planes change flying schedules. As they run the usual routes in less time, they automatically reduce the pilot's flying hours. While a DC-3's flying time from New York to Chicago is four hours and 20 minutes, the Constellation makes the same run in two hours and 50 minutes. Under the old TWA-ALPA agreement, the pilot flying this route would have to make more trips in a Constellation than in a DC-3 in order to reach the permitted maximum of 85 hours a month. But every additional trip also increases the amount of time spent on duty for which the pilot is not paid. It all adds up to the fact that in practice the Constellation pilot has not a single day off and makes less money than a DC-3 pilot. Moreover, the new planes are piloted by senior pilots. They made their economic plans ten or more years ago. Unless they receive higher pay, they will have to choose between cutting down either their living expenses or their provisions for the future. In most cases they must do both.

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The ALPA, therefore, wanted an increase of base pay ranging from $300 to $475 for Skymaster, and from $325 to $500 for Constellation, pilots. It also demanded a reduction of flying time to 80 hours a month in these categories.

These demands had been rejected by TWA. Negotiations were opened more than a year ago, on August 30, 1945. The union offered to arbitrate five times, and five times the offer was rejected. When, finally, a Presidential Emergency Board—the first such effort in the airline industry—in an attempt at mediation rendered what to the union appeared to be an impossible set of recommendations, the pilots' answer was an emphatic "no." Three months later, when the current contract ran out, operations on the 28,000 miles of TWA's domestic and international system came to a standstill.

In spite of the bitterness of past negotiations, company provocation and the false impression created by the great majority of the press, the pilots have conducted the strike with the same good judgment that distinguishes their actions in the air.

John R. Steelman

by Tris Coffin

DR. JOHN R. STEELMAN, the fixer-upper of all the Administration's economic aches and pains, has an ingenuous and disarming personality. He looks like a healthy, middle-aged farmer who wandered into Washington on a sight-seeing junket. He has a round, innocent face, a hearty handshake, a boyish shyness and a big frame. He lumbers around the White House as if he were stepping out his 40 acres. His title is Director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion and his office is in the east wing of the White House.

Harold Ickes has been alternately sulking and gnashing his teeth for more than two years over the way Honest John pulled the rug out from under him and presented it to John L. Lewis. Ickes, as Coal Administrator, was preparing to beat Lewis over the head and make him like it when the mine workers' chief rumbled out one of his periodic strike ultimatums. Honest Harold had been sitting up nights working on a scheme to crucify Lewis and was ready to spring it. Then Steelman ducked in between the two and settled the dispute on terms agreeable to Lewis.

This is an old habit of Steelman's. His associates at the White House regularly kid him about his affection for Lewis. According to one of them, "Doc protests too much." The President's economic expert will explain at great length that really, boys, there is nothing between John Lewis and me. He professes modestly that he just understands Lewis. Naturally, Brother Lewis appreciates one who is able to bring out all the good in him. The interpretation placed on the Lewis-Steelman relationship by some of the more frivolous hands at the White House is that Steelman is like a mother to Big John. At any rate, he has been rushing in to save Lewis from a whipping behind the shed for five years.

Tris Coffin is a commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System in Washington.

Despite his naïve manner, Steelman is regarded as the shrewdest self-promoter to show up in the jungles of Washington for a long time. He was an Economics professor at little Alabama State College in Montevallo when Frances Perkins, then Secretary of Labor, came down to make a commencement address. The college president sent John off in a car to meet her on the assumption that Miss Perkins would be at home with an Economics professor.

On the trip, wide-eyed Professor Steelman exhibited great interest in the "marvelous" work of the Secretary. He admitted shyly that he had done a little conciliation work himself in coal-mine disputes. Wouldn't it be wonderful, he may have suggested, to be in Washington working under such a great person as Madame Secretary? At any rate, Miss Perkins brought him back to Washington.

How to Win Friends

Those who knew Steelman in college describe him as "an opportunist, smart promoter and good salesman." He arrived in Washington in 1934, and two years later was Director of the Conciliation Service. The formula for success was hard work, flattery, keeping close to Miss Perkins and taking credit for every strike settlement. Hard-boiled labor skates, cynical bureaucrats and idealistic New Dealers were all taken in by the humility and eager friendliness of this tall professor.

Dr. John used the Conciliation Service as an escalator for himself. Until he ran it, the conciliation commissioners always operated under the Secretary of Labor. He cut it loose. All conciliation contacts were made with the service and Steelman. Every time a clerk or a commissioner was appointed, Steelman found out who was his congressional sponsor and wrote him a profuse note. He maintained a card-index file of every important person with whom he had had contacts on the job. The card contained the first name and any

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friendly anecdote or incident Steelman could use later.

According to those who knew him in the old Labor Department days, Steelman rarely tackled a case until he was pretty sure it was ready to kick over, and he would be there when the photographers came around to take pictures.

Steelman was a good conciliator. He was tireless on the job. He was friendly. While other arbitrators were furiously working over schemes and compromises, John Steelman was back in a corner talking over the price of hay with a tough operator and softening him up. He seemed so earnest and so innocent that strong men wilted under the strain and gave in.

In the Department, Steelman never identified himself with any group or faction. He was never a New Dealer, a conservative or a professional bureaucrat. He was a guy out on his own.

When the Conciliation Service became the strong arm of the Department, the publicity boys tried to move in. Steelman coldly held them back. Finally, they hit upon a device. They wrote up a series of magazine articles—18 of them—to be signed by Steelman. From then on, John was their pal. But he did not approve of publicity for the Service or for individual conciliators.

Steelman set his sights on the secretaryship, to the considerable annoyance of Miss Perkins. While she was one of the favorite targets of conservative sarcasm, Steelman glowed with virtue and goodness. He busily built his contacts on the Hill, always hoping the mantle would fall on him. But President Roosevelt was indifferent.

Steelman left the Labor Department with what appeared to many as unseemly haste before the 1944 elections. The interpretation of some cynics was that he was not too sure the Democrats would win. On leaving, he wrote letters to every influential man on the Hill, saying with what pleasure he remembered his friendship and expressing his regret that he was unable to come up and say goodbye personally. He then set up an industrial-relations office in New York with some very cushy clients—chain-grocery stores, chain-department stores, chain-dime stores and an airline, among others.

. . . And Influence People

Lou Schwellenbach brought Steelman back to Washington as his special assistant. Within a matter of weeks, Steelman was sitting in the White House shining up to President Truman as his special assistant. When John Snyder left to be Secretary of the Treasury, Steelman moved into his job as Reconversion Director. He is responsible for all economic controls. In the few months the good Doctor has had the job, almost all controls have been revoked. OPA officials admit that the pressure from Steelman to decontrol and raise prices has been "terrific."

Steelman just didn't like to hurt anyone's feelings. If Senator X wanted higher prices, the Reconversion Director did not like to turn him down: not that Steelman is the villain in the decontrol picture. He was cautious about raising prices too fast. He tried to tread softly on a middle ground.

Steelman's relationship with the United Mine Workers began when he was a college professor arbitrating local mine disputes. His contact with Lewis was made through John King, one of his assistants in the Department of Labor. The Doctor won Lewis' esteem when on December 9, 1941, Steelman, as the presidential arbitrator, awarded a closed shop to the miners. This spring, when both coal and railway strikes were threatened, Steelman again interceded for John Lewis. President Truman batted his old friend A. F. Whitney of the Railroad Trainmen over the head but Lewis was invited to the White House for discussion. The contract signed by the government with the miners was hailed by the United Mine Workers' *Journal* as "the greatest economic and social gains registered by the UMWA in a single wage agreement since the birth of the union in 1890."

A few days ago when Lewis threatened to spring a coal strike four days before the election, the Interior Department decided to take a tough line. They would not reopen the contract to discuss a wage increase. Secretary Krug and his associates decided that once and for all they must fight Lewis and call his bluff. They had ammunition on their side. If Lewis nullified the contract, this automatically would wipe out the welfare fund which Lewis gained in the spring. Even Lewis would hesitate to go through with a strike.

Monday, October 28, a reporter asked Truman if he had any comment on the coal situation. The President replied firmly and cheerfully there would not be any strike. He blandly advised them that Lewis was holding a press conference. This was an unpleasant shock to the Interior Department, as was a statement from the UMW that the government and the union would meet to discuss new contract terms. Krug, out on the West Coast, insisted this was only a compliance with Lewis' request for a meeting.

The mystery is, who assured Truman that there would be no strike, and who gave Lewis the impression the government was reopening the contract? John Small, the Civilian Production Administrator, let the cat out of the bag at his news conference. Asked about the coal situation, he said that was being taken care of by "Krug and Steelman."

Once again, the good Doctor who doesn't want any trouble for anybody saved the day for John L. Lewis.

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Letter from Tokyo—Strike Vignette

SUMIO MAKINO, secretary-general of the All-Japan Newspaper and Radio Workers' Union and member of its "highest strike committee," told Allied correspondents on October 4—ten hours before the deadline for the nation-wide "general strike" of all Japan's newspapers and broadcasting stations—that all but ten of Japan's newspapers were solidly behind the strike call and that, failing a last-minute settlement, the great news blackout would be on at midnight. Only at the end of the hour-long press conference did he let slip one sentence indicating that the advance billing of the strike as the best organized in Japanese trade-union history might be exaggerated.

"What we are worried about," said Makino, "is not suffering, but union solidarity. Ours is a young union and there are great outside pressures at work. We have to resist them."

Makino-San was a true prophet. Japan's first newspaper and radio strike proved to be an almost total fiasco. The strike call was saved from being a complete flop only by the solidarity of the employees of the Japan Broadcasting Corporation, who struck on schedule and stayed out for some days after all the rest had yielded.

A handful of smaller newspapers were shut down for a day or so, but at the eleventh hour, first the *Asahi*, leading Tokyo daily, and then *Mainichi* and others, reversed their stand and decided to continue at work.

WHAT THE STRIKE WAS ABOUT

The primary objectives of the walkout were:

First, to force a settlement of a dispute on the Tokyo daily *Yomiuri*, some 500 employees of which had walked out several weeks before in protest against the discharge of 31 editorial employees of that paper allegedly—in defiance of Article 11 of the Japan Labor Law—for union activities.

Second, to win the right of collective bargaining.

In addition, the union leaders were not adverse to embarrassing Premier Yoshida.

The scheduled stoppage therefore had both economic and political aims, and was to have been the curtain-raiser for the "October Offensive" since unleashed by Japan's revived trade-union movement and spearheaded by the newly created leftist 1.5-million-member National Congress of Industrial Organizations, in the formation of which the newspaper and radio workers' union had played a prominent role.

The strike represented a major test for Japanese organized labor. It constituted a major test of the degree to which democratic ideas had affected Premier Yoshida and his ministers. It was also a significant test of SCAP's (Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers) attitude toward the Japanese trade-union movement.

The union had a sound case. The 31 employees of *Yomiuri* whose discharge was the core of the dispute had, contrary to law, been fired by Tsunego Baba, president of that newspaper, for union activities. A ruling by the Tokyo Labor Mediation Board that the firings be reëxamined and modified had been ignored by the management. The *Yomiuri* branch of the union had been ignored, and a rival company union formed by pro-Baba employees. Much the same circumstances applied to a secondary issue of the strike—the discharge of 53 employees of a Hokkaido paper.

These legitimate issues the union leaders failed to crystallize adequately. Instead, unnecessary emphasis was placed on the political aspects of the projected stoppage, which left the rank and file of the union confused.

Most important of all was the question of SCAP's attitude toward a news and radio blackout. This was unquestionably the deciding factor that caused branch after branch of the union's membership to about-face at the eleventh hour and vote against answering the strike call. This question of SCAP's attitude was from the very first quite obviously the main factor to be considered by the union before any strike plan was formulated. It wasn't. The strike leaders remained uncertain to the very end—and the membership decided not to risk direct SCAP intervention. Issuing a strike call while that factor remained unclarified was the union's big blunder.

The Japanese government must share responsibility for a still unresolved dispute by reason of its failure to adopt an impartial attitude, and for refraining from seeking to enforce obedience on the part of the *Yomiuri* management to the provisions of the Japan Labor Law, or to obtain implementation of the ruling of the official Tokyo Labor Mediation Board. The cabinet took a pronounced anti-labor stand. By the use made of police to break up demonstrations and by statements issued by its members, it demonstrated that it was interested only in avoiding or breaking the strike to prevent a political crisis.

The Allied Supreme Command was from the first moment a cardinal factor. Although General MacArthur had previously enunciated the policy of non-interference in labor disputes so long as they did not interfere with the aims and purposes of the occupation, and was directly responsible for the Japanese Trade-Union Act guaranteeing the workers' right to strike, there was evidence of indirect intervention in the dispute by the lower echelons of SCAP. When rumors began to flow to the effect that in the event of a shutdown, SCAP would order seizure of the news plants, Allied GHQ said nothing. MacArthur's silence was widely interpreted as indicating disapproval of the strike.

THE DEAD WEIGHT OF TRADITION

One important lesson underlined by the fiasco was the impact of the traditional Japanese mentality upon events. The Japanese people, long schooled in obeying instructions from above, still find difficulty in reaching major decisions for themselves and sticking to those decisions when once arrived at. The attitude of most Japanese newspapermen still tends to be regimented. Just as, under the Tojo regime, they obediently pressured the Japanese people into accepting the militaristic "line," so now they tend to railroad both the public and themselves into accepting extreme radical

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interpretations of events without adequate discussion or analysis.

At present, if a national union orders a strike, the Tokyo newspaper staffs initially tend to follow the "party line," and the local dailies imitate and follow the Tokyo lead. But should a leading Tokyo daily such as *Asahi* have second thoughts—as occurred when the time came to obey the recent strike call—then other metropolitan newspapers promptly backwater, and the local papers follow suit. The great "news blackout" in Japan wasn't even a brown-out—and the primary reason was the absence of any democratic "think-for-yourself" tradition within the Japanese press. Indecision within labor's ranks, as the shadow of SCAP hung over the landscape, won the day for the newspaper managements.

Food: Fact and Fiction

Japan's propaganda campaign, which began in the first hours of the occupation and is aimed at "selling the world" the picture of starving Nippon, continues. A recent issue of the *Oriental Economist* featured an article declaring that "social unrest, economic disintegration, ideological confusion and starving conditions" were due to the current "serious shortage of foodstuffs."

The facts are somewhat different. Last year, SCAP put 200 nutrition-survey teams on the job of discovering what the Japanese people actually were eating. These surveys, which SCAP claims are as scientifically accurate as they can be made, have been taken every three months, thousands of families at all economic levels being questioned. The first survey, made last December, showed the Japanese were consuming an average of 1,967 calories of food daily. However, in the late spring and summer of this year, GHQ was impressed by the dire predictions coming from Japanese government quarters concerning the severity of the crisis in foodstuffs which summer would bring, and arranged for the importation of considerable quantities of American food.

The result of that policy is indicated by recent surveys. In May last, the average diet of residents of Tokyo had sunk to 1,352 calories. This month it is up to 1,828 calories (1,250 being the estimated "starvation level" for Japanese). The present figure for all Japan, as shown by the most recent survey, is between 1,900 and 2,000 calories daily. Furthermore, Japanese farmers have been given government "bonuses" for making early deliveries of rice; vast quantities of sweet potatoes—a basic Japanese crop—have not even been harvested this year, since it is uneconomic to market them in view of the shortage of transportation and the improved food picture; and a spokesman for the Public Health and Welfare Division of GHQ tells me "there is no more starvation in Japan than in New York or London—and there won't be. Adequate food stocks are on hand."

Food is not exactly abundant here, especially for the low-income groups that cannot afford to buy much at black-market prices. Some persons—including the aged and war orphans—do collapse from hunger in Japanese cities. Transportation and distribution bottlenecks are responsible for local scarcities in some areas from time to time. But on the whole Japan is getting by, so far as food is concerned, rather better than during the war years.

Tokyo HESSELL TILTMAN

Synge and Webb

The Playboy of the Western World, by John Synge. Booth Theatre, October 28, 1946.
Present Laughter, by Noel Coward. Plymouth Theatre, October 29, 1946.

Theatre Incorporated gave us last season a genuine treat as well as a successful Broadway venture in Shaw's "Pygmalion." That was a venture of ideas, based, as it were, on the assumption that we are not all fools. And now for this season Theatre Incorporated starts off with the idea that we have a sense of words, words as the ultimate theatre enchantment, words as the last glory and perfect delight of the theatre.

Our own stage lacks just this element. We have no sound, no splendor, no sequence of passion, no flow and movement that might represent the full content of our American life. And so "The Playboy of the Western World" is a beautiful element to bring into our midst. Theatre Incorporated is giving Broadway a sadly needed lesson, an example of fine words and fine thoughts, of high rhythm and beautiful dreams, and whatever defects may appear in the production are easily made up for by the superb intention. The mistake behind this production of Synge's play is in the directing. The mistake consists in the choice of the director, Guthrie McClintic, a theatre man of much craftsmanship but not of any great poetic insight.

The result with "The Playboy" is that the high irony is lost, the mad, strange intention is blunted, the vast and beautiful distinction of style is somewhat scattered and blurred. We are left with the feeling that the theatre is a place of delight and splendor, but that chance plays a heavy part in it, and that our attendance at the theatre is a gamble among various delights.

Mildred Natwick, as the Widow Quin, gave a fine Irish performance. Miss Eithne Dunne, imported for the leading role, was true and right all through. The strain and test fell on the playboy himself, played by Burgess Meredith. As he acted the role, it had plenty of feeling and poetry. What was lacking was the bravura and snap that would have given us the true meaning of the character Synge created. This is what could be said in general of this production: it lacked ultimately what Synge as a great artist meant to convey.

Noel Coward's new piece is the same old thing, French farces and all that, and the sameness is the most notable thing about it. He has in this play a shameless approach to the theatre—motifs so old and dead that we almost treat them with respect, though so stale that their very age makes them seem freshly felt. Dull would he be indeed who would not dismiss this newest Coward effort as sheer trash. One hears of the brilliant movements in London today. This piece has been a success there. It is clever, facile rubbish, and often highly amusing.

The performances by the company are all good. Clifton Webb's playing of the main character, on the stage most of the time, is so brilliant and competent and right that any judgment of the play is defeated thereby. It is extraordinary that playing of so light a touch should be so fundamental, among the best in our theatre.

STARK YOUNG

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Radio: Neutrality

A PROGRAM director I know was offered the opportunity of presenting the first radio performance of an album of children's records based on the life of Fala, FDR's Scottie. Since the offer was made during the current congressional-election campaign, it was rejected, presumably on the ground that Republicans' dogs would be entitled to ask for equal time.

Radio stations are forbidden by an FCC ruling to have an editorial policy. The Mayflower decision (which arose from an application for license renewal by the Yankee Network in 1941) allows them to lease their facilities to various groups and people for the expression of their views, but not to express their own ideas. Certain stations exercise extreme care to preserve their impartiality. One station has a standing rule that when a political speech ends early, the music that follows as a "fill" must be neutral, too.

Of course the station, as custodian of its license, selects the organizations and speakers who will appear, and so can slant an issue. A station must provide equal and comparable time for a dissenter, but here again it is the station's judgment, subject to FCC review, that determines whether sufficient interest has been aroused. The FCC does not challenge a violation of neutrality; the onus rests with the injured parties, who frequently cannot afford the cost of a hearing.

The question takes on new importance with the National Association of Broadcasters' decision to press for a reversal of the Mayflower decision, and indications from some FCC members that they would approve reversal.

It is to be hoped that safeguards will be established. Consider the case of a midstate New York station which is owned by the only newspaper in town and is the only radio station in the community. If this station were allowed to editorialize, it could severely limit independent thought. Dissenters from the station's views could ask for equal time, but it would still rest with the station to determine if a controversy existed. Yet stations must have some latitude; if they were to allow time for every crank, the air would be filled with drivel. It is urgent that all sides be guaranteed equal access to the air, but there are too many radio stations in America to be policed effectively by the FCC.

The wave lengths are a public trust even though radio stations are for sale. During the First World War, German agents bought one of New York's newspapers so they could slant its editorial policy. Today radio stations are selling heavily—at high prices. If the Mayflower decision were reversed, the FCC would have to determine, at its hearing on a sale, the political and economic outlook of the purchasers. Thus the NAB's decision might result in increased central control of the air waves.

TED COTT

Very Sweet Sixteen

THE MOST glamorous current film subject—high-school life in the days of the Charleston, pencil-shaped female torsos, vo-do-de-oh-do and decrepit college dress—is found in "Margie," a gentle, molasses-toned bit of Americana on the order of "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "State Fair." The movie starts restfully in the attic of a high-school principal's dream house, with a self-possessed young matron, Margie (Jeanne Crain, having more trouble looking thirtyish than she does looking sixteen in the flashback), and her bobby-sox daughter going over photographs of the mother's high-school days. As she describes, with a grown-up's boredom, Rudy Vallee, flagpole sitters and goldfish eaters, the movie flashes back to wintry scenes at Central High in 1928 when Margie was a wispy, oppressed romantic, an elevated type who would like to be either a jazz baby or the Lady of Shalott. Margie carries on like an ethereal mouse, envying her hot-cha pal, Marybelle (Barbara Lawrence), who is on a merry-go-round of necking and Charlestoning with a raccoon coat named Johnnikins (Conrad Janis). The person who answers Margie's romantic yearnings is the new French teacher (Glenn Langan—a Nelson Eddy type with all its limitations), a man who studied in Paris. After some soul-torturing incidents with this Mr. Fontayne, involving the broken elastic of Margie's bloomers which causes them to fall down when she gets excited, and also an unfulfilled fantasy that he is going to take her to the senior prom, the movie ends at the prom with Margie making a hit with both Mr. Fontayne and Johnnikins.

While the treatment is sentimental, sophisticated, New Yorkerish and has a cheapened Fitzgeraldian sparkle, it is delicate and sympathetic on the subject of Margie's shy, tortured adolescence and is almost shrewd about the rest of the characters. The direction (Henry King) is sensitive to young girlisms; it tries in a candid and erotic way to express Margie's girlish sensuality by deliberate, youthfully idealized photography of her romantic posturings; her decorous walk is an effective caricature of the ladylike walk of a girl who has been raised too idealistically, and she is constantly wriggling as though her clothes hampered her. The most subtle aspect of the film is the way the romantic quality of both the period and the girl is washed over the screen, particularly in scenes—an ice-skating party, the prom waltz, fantasy-laden moments in her room—where Margie's melting, Victorian dream world seems to transform the people around her.

"Margie" abounds in traditional characters who are made to seem much more significant than usual by shrewdness of writing or acting. The flylike father (Hobart Cavanaugh) is made less mechanical by an emphasis on his passionate reserve and gentility and also by Cavanaugh's ability to make you feel that more is going on inside him than you have been led to expect from this type in the past. Johnnikins is supposed to be the perennial collegiate from *College Humor*, *Judge*, John Held Jr. drawings and Harold Teen, with his pork-pie hat, dirty cords and arrogant slouch, but the performance by Conrad Janis brings him closer to a sort of jiving, energetic lounge lizard with a touch of earnestness and warmth.

The movie is so superficially placed in its Charleston era that if you like the period you'll wait for the copies which Warners and MGM will undoubtedly bring out.

MANNY FARBER

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The Bandwagon

According to the board [National Association of Real Estate Boards] president, Boyd T. Barnard of Philadelphia, the nation's shortage of three million homes is "political buncombe," and "one way to relieve the housing demand immediately is to get rid of rent control." . . . If rent ceilings are lifted, Mr. Barnard points out that persons with low incomes will be forced out into the hall and persons with more money will then find plenty of room. – *From the Washington* Daily News.

The American Scene

Attention: Cherry Lane Church will hold its annual cemetery cleanup frolic all day Saturday, October 19. – *Advertisement in the* Daily Record (*Stroudsburg, Pa.*).

Look Who's Talking

Schacht denied any knowledge of the bomb plot. He said that the explosions "were obviously a democratic protest against the Hitlerite measures of the Germans who want to try me again." Schacht, pounding his knee for emphasis, shouted from his jail cell: "The Germans are stupid. Fools. Criminals. Rogues. Hitlerites. Whoever heard of a man being tried twice on the same charges? This is not democracy. This is Hitlerism." – *AP dispatch from Stuttgart.*

Whatever Happened to St. John?

"*In the beginning was the word.*" The wisdom of these six words from the Old Testament.[1] . . . [1] Genesis. – *From a two-page spread on MGM's "The Best Years of Our Lives" in* Life.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Maya Deren's Films

SIR: It is the privilege of an individual to say, privately, of a work of art: "I don't like it"; but it is the public responsibility of a professional critic to indicate why it isn't art. Mr. Farber [the *New Republic*, October 28] has reviewed my films in a piece remarkable for its substitution of emotionally charged invective for considered analysis. Since the former is by far the most economical form of expression, he is able to imply in one sentence more than I can answer in one page. The issue here is that of responsible criticism. My objection is not that Mr. Farber does not like the films and/or me, but that he does not explain or justify his appraisal of them. Instead, he creates a "review" out of extraneous information, misleading half-truths, snidely derogatory personal references and a Farberian version of Freudianism.

Although he is skilled enough to make both a "corpse" and a "birth-fantasy" out of the same image, he has not grasped the primary fact that Freudianism is a method of interpretation and is not a quality of the person or object interpreted. The films cannot be "Freudian-toned," as he called them. Only an analyst can be Freudian, as Mr. Farber has chosen to be, in defiance of my printed program notes which specify that the objects and events are *not* intended as symbols "to be interpreted according to some exterior system of psychology" but are "images whose value and meaning are defined and confined by their actual function in the context as a whole." And by what ethical acrobatics does he simultaneously criticize me for the very "Freudianism" which he imposes upon the films against my will.

Only one of the four films is even remotely concerned with sex. Certainly none of them is homosexual (unless, in his anxiety, Mr. Farber understands homosexuality whenever two members of the same sex appear on the screen at the same time). As a matter of fact, Mr. Farber is singular in his capacity to create out of the films (as if they were Rorschach tests for him) such an excess and gamut of sexual implications. Even if his interpretation were correct, is he justified in using the words "lesbianish" and "pansyish," which bear the same meaning-value relation to "lesbian" and "homosexual" as "nigger" does to "Negro"? Either he has presumed to resolve the controversial moral problem of homosexuality to create an invective against me and the films—all in one word; or he is so lacking in an ear for word values that he is completely unqualified as a writer. And what of his effort to imply narcissism to me by stressing my personal performance in the first two films, when he knew it to be a matter of expediency, and omitting the last two films, in which coöperative friends replace me in the principal roles? Or of neglecting the last two films entirely, which would ordinarily have been considered the most indicative of future direction in a young artist, and which he said, privately, that he liked best. The issue here is clearly one of critical responsibility, quite apart from the merit of the films as art.

Those whose information about the films may be limited to Mr. Farber's "review" may be interested in knowing that these same films have been praised, publicly, by Le Corbusier, John Martin (New York *Times*), Walter Terry (New York *Herald Tribune*), John Malcolm Brinnin, Robert Gessner, George Amberg, of the Museum of Modern Art, and professors and curators in universities and museums throughout the country and in Canada, and have been purchased for the art collections of Yale University, Indiana University and other institutions and museums.

New York City MAYA DEREN

Welcome to Wallace

[BY TELEGRAM]

SIR: Congratulations both to the *New Republic* and to Henry Wallace upon their valuable association with each other. To the magazine on this reinforcement of its thoughtful Americanism and to Wallace for this new avenue for his dynamic leadership. Exaggerated and distorted statements in regard to his opinions cannot conceal the basic fact of his adherence to the spirit of 1776 and his belief that America must oppose those elements within that it successfully defeated in the war. To foster friendly and understanding relations with all nations is obviously the only road to a lasting peace.

New York City MARY K. SIMKHOVITCH

DEAR HENRY WALLACE: All hail and good luck as you take leadership of the *New Republic*. You will there be trying to express in a magazine what you have already so magnificently expressed in public administration, namely, the promise of American life. For that task you have unique equipment. You are unqualifiedly an American. In your gospel of the common man you have sounded the true keynote of national policy. Give us now the development of that theme into a well formulated program. And remember that innumerable friends, delighting in your fearlessness and wisdom, are standing by with loyal and critical admiration.

Berkeley, Calif. ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

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Books in Review

Testament for America

IF ON January 2, 1945, you were a visitor to the Supreme Court, you witnessed a pre-review of Ellis Arnall's *The Shore Dimly Seen*. For on that day and in that forum the Governor of Georgia challenged "the domestic tariff" of freight rates by which the economy of the South was hemmed in and sought to institute a suit to break the conspiracy of the railroads. The wrong was of long standing; the Constitution had made provision for the kind of action sought. Yet the move of Ellis Arnall, in avoiding the Interstate Commerce Commission and in skipping the lower federal courts, was as daring as it was sensible.

As the arguments wore on, it became evident that a number of Justices were not interested in rates, causes of action or the Constitution. Instead they wondered, if the suit was allowed, how many of like kind would be filed and how heavy their "original" docket would become. At last Mr. Justice Stone broke in, "Governor Arnall, do you mean to say this Court *must* take your case?" "Oh no," was the reply, "all I said was that the Constitution says you must take my case. But"—with the shortest of pauses—"I am not underestimating the power of this Court." Not many persons would have thought of the retort; among the few who would, almost none would have dared—and have known how—to make it. It was a nimble thrust at the source of opposition and it proved to be the right answer. The vote was close but the Court took his case.

This action and this retort mark *The Shore Dimly Seen*. The theme, the series of variations, the rich accompaniment, all done in the Arnall idiom, are here. The exposition passes easily from Flodden Field to Chancellorsville; from William Blake to the romanticism of William Faulkner. It touches upon Algernon Sydney, Roger Williams and the hedonist of Monticello; upon sharecroppers, the puffy, jowled Procurator of Judea and the inefficiency of the bureaucracy of big business; upon Hobbes's critique of all the ideals of a master-and-servant paradise and an individualism so rugged that it uproots forests, lays waste the sources of wealth and leaves devastation in its wake. It parades his hates—against Boston and erosion and Hegel; against absentee ownership and the divine right of exploitation; and people who believe that hunger and freedom are in no sense incompatible. All of it—event, allusion, illustration, problem—is caught up into a book which is at once a personal narrative, an industrial diagnosis, a commentary on the South and a program for the nation.

Above all the book is a call to arms; for the author translates his hates into a civilized and disciplined indignation which the country should share. A "Gaelic fire may burn bright without illuminating anything about it." Articles of liberal faith too often invite noble recitation rather than translation into action. There is need for men of good will to promote foreign missions, but too many of them were gazing at the heavens when Congress voted to give away our tideland-oil reserves and almost passed the Bulwinkle bill, which would have legalized the railroad monopoly. Ellis Arnall is terribly afraid that "when Gabriel finally persuades the Lord to let him blow," a lot of do-gooders "will be holding an indignation meeting" and will miss "the affair at the barricades of hell."

The object of his attack is our colonial system; its objective to restore the states of the South and the West to the Union. In these pages our system of domestic mercantilism stands out in stark outline. It is absurd to ship raw materials North for processing when factories near the fields would make industry and agriculture alike prosperous. The main villain in the piece is, of course, the railroads—or the investment bankers who control them. Arnall dispels the popular myth that rates are made by the ICC, and pays his respects to the sloth, negligence and servitude of that ponderous body. The sheep cannot impose trust in a "watch-dog who has lost his teeth" and is in the habit of "fraternizing with wolves." But the abuse of finance and of patents—which deny access to the investment funds, to technical knowledge and to industrial opportunity—is included in the indictment.

THE INCIDENCE of our colonial system is far-flung. It is shocking that plants in Utah and Alabama can be closed because they threaten the profits of operations in Detroit and Lawrence—as an agreement with the Swiss matchking forced Diamond to close its factories at Savannah and Natchez. The land needs industries—to raise its standards of life, not to "turn the already exploited South into a mechanized slum." The drive in that direction has been animated too much by the promise of a huge pool of surplus labor. Pharaoh's efficiency expert beat Bedaux to it; and Dixie can get along without the expert who turns the worker, white or black, into a statistic or an item of cost. The most graphic product of alien control is the demagogue. The O'Daniels, Talmadges, Rankins, political overseers for alien corporations "up North" have been endured for a long time. They stir up prejudices in order that they may do the will of their absentee overlords. Yet the only thing Southern about them is their nativity.

The Governor of Georgia refuses to accept a Negro problem, a problem of sharecropper or tenant farmer, a problem of the hills or of the black belt. Such issues are mere symptoms of stress and strain in the social fabric. The larger question, into which a hundred smaller ones converge, is how to release the creative faculties of men, to open wide the doors of opportunity, to turn the resources of the region to account. It is how best to fight ignorance with schools, to make poverty the most deadly of sins, to provide the wherewithal for the good life. Toward that end he presents in a series of propositions a concrete program. If it is a little short in unctuous phrases and the sacredness of utopian symbols, it is quite adequate in the how and the why of doing it now. If the tensions of the social structure are relaxed, the detail of things wrong will in-

[1] The Shore Dimly Seen, by Ellis Gibbs Arnall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 312 pages. $3.

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vite correction or even take care of itself. If it is not, the most drastic surgery directed at symptoms will prove of no lasting avail. If Ellis Arnall talks of the South, it is the nation he has in mind. Boston can with clean hands enter no complaint against Memphis or Atlanta. Nor can it be denied that it is Yankee dollars which keep the professional Negro-haters in political power. The demagogue, the race issue, the voice of reaction in Southern affairs have their main cause in the want of political and economic independence.

In these pages the Governor of Georgia kills a legion of myths. You can live for a couple of decades in the South without meeting either Marse Chan or Jeeter Lester. Newnan, Georgia, and Florence, Alabama, are alike in each having a courthouse and a Confederate monument; but there the similarity ends. The Scottsboro and the Columbia incidents reveal an environment in which there can be an explosion. But Southern anger over the refusal of the Pullman Company to provide accommodations for Negro travelers never hits the headlines. The purity of the picture of the exploited black man is rarely tainted by statistics on the number of Negroes who own their own farms. It is too often forgotten that the South lived under a military government imposed by the conqueror for a longer time than any other people in modern times; and that, when the carpetbagger departed, the absentee capitalist took his place.

But Governor Arnall does not apologize. He insists that if the South cannot meet its own—and the nation's—problems its political genius has been lost. For the people who settled there—voluntarily or by compulsion—"did not cross the Atlantic in fragile ships to find security but to seek opportunity." And their descendants, whether of poor European or of royal African stock, will not be satisfied with a "vagabond wage." It is fitting that a governor of a state should take his text from a man about to die on the scaffold. Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine is a long time ago; Ellis Arnall concurs with Richard Rumbold, "I could never believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden."

WALTON HAMILTON

The Poet Speaks?

The Poet in the Theatre, by Ronald Peacock. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 172 pages. $2.50.

THE TITLE of Professor Peacock's book certainly persuades us toward one of the most urgent problems in our theatre of today. That problem is how to find for our drama a medium of expression that will express more fully, first, the inexhaustible values of human life in general; and, second, the pressure and fertility and raging complexity of our contemporary living. That means, of course, the life around us, beyond us, local, national, global, and not too forgetful of the air and the very cosmos itself.

Nothing could be more obvious than that the realistic drama as developed a generation ago under the influence of Ibsen's social plays, or the drama that, sunk indeed, now represents the Broadway version of American life, do not express anything like the scope, the vitality, the springing vision, however confused, that fill our world today. We have only to think of the war just ended, the international conferences, plans and high hopes, the upheavals in men's lives and conceptions, to realize how little the theatre serves us beyond mere entertainment, often slight enough at that. We realize how meager, synthetic, incomplete and thwarting what is now to be seen on Broadway must be said to be. What a denial, what a surrender to quick profits, what a washout the majority of its openings are!

A BOOK, then, called *The Poet in the Theatre* should be, and might very well be, a torch to guide us through a troublous moment.

It could not be said that Professor Peacock's volume is anything close to that. The title is in itself very likely disadvantageous to the book's impact. *The Poet in the Theatre* suggests, I should think, a certain continuity of matter, luminous and integrated, and—most especially—a clear definition of what is meant by the poetic—not at all easy to define. And along with that, the title suggests a searching statement of the shortcomings and inadequacies of our drama in the reverse direction, which is to say the prose drama, the social drama, with its causes, its theses, its factualities and so on. This volume, however, comprises nothing of the sort. It is a collection of essays on various writers for the theatre—T. S. Eliot, Henry James, John Synge, Yeats, Shaw, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ibsen, Chekhov, Von Hofmannsthal—and through the list of these there appears a thread, none too distinct, the argument for poetic drama, or poetry in drama, basically the same thing.

As to the poetic in drama we all pretty much know, as St. Augustine did about God, what it is if you don't ask us. The main idea is clear to us. And in a none too tangible way we can follow Professor Peacock as he bases his discussions on the conception of the poetic as some increased imaginative vitality, an intensity of treatment, a dilation of the significance, and hence an effect of elevation, plus many formal and stylistic elements that would accrue, or would, shall we say, organically ensue. On this side, I fear, we could scarcely give the book any massive laurels. There is all too often a kind of semi-mystical pontification, statements ambitious but confused, or else wandering into a vein rather Teutonic, that I should, I feel sure, admire if I knew where it was, a state of things where the expression is less ideal than the region aimed at.

The best essay in the book is that on Synge. The magic of Synge's writing, the high remoteness and poetic intensity, are well set forth, plus Synge's essential quality of the special, which, however impressive and beautiful, leaves him lacking in influence on our drama. The essays on Shaw and Yeats are tinged at times with remarkable insight, but on the whole are not very important. That on the influence of Ibsen fights a good fight for something much larger than British playwrights in their surrender to Ibsen's influence achieved. In the case of Pinero, for example, whom Professor Peacock does not include, it was largely taking advantage of the current theatre jackpot; but the dramatists that are here considered may be taken seriously and their following of Ibsen an important item. One important note is omitted, however, which is that as Ibsen came to the English playwrights the whole of him was semi-gutted and stripped of one of the primary dramatic mediums, which is to say the medium of words. Plays like "An Enemy of the People," for a violent instance, are by all accounts so dry-

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washed in the Archer antiseptic as to be hardly recognizable.

The essay on Grillparzer is full of scholarly detail not easily found elsewhere in English, so far as I know, and of a certain rich quality of poetic approach. That on Hofmannsthal has, despite its too warm indulgence and soft credits, a great deal of suggestion and light.

The first chapter of *The Poet in the Theatre* is that on T. S. Eliot. Professor Peacock poses the question as to what it is in the nature of dramatic poetry that accounts for its scarcity in certain conditions. Why did poetry come to terms with the theatre only in occasional flashes, and in unorthodox ways, in the period that these essays review? The conclusion is that the degree of dramatic genius that Eliot possesses is of secondary interest in determining his first merit, and this merit is that he has substantiated his views on the poetic in drama with adequate illustrations that can serve as touchstones. One of the illustrations quoted then is from "The Family Reunion."

The chorus form is by its very nature a convention. It relates, in fact, to a basis in ritual, and the ritualistic element in Eliot is well treated by Professor Peacock. To reduce the family emotions of the quoted scene to convincing terms as choral passages is, I venture to maintain, a large order. Such lines, for example, as the following (said in two male voices, two female voices):

> "Why do we feel embarrassed, impatient, fretful, ill at ease,
> Assembled like amateur actors who have not been assigned their parts?
> Like amateur actors in a dream when the curtain rises," etc.

My own feeling is that the result of those lines delivered would be pretty ghastly, what with four speakers, two male, two female. The extent to which it would be not ghastly would measure the size of Eliot's innovation. Otherwise the mere idea of a chorus in modern terms is not too impressive.

The essay on Henry James is, in respect to his wish to become a practising playwright, a fruitful discussion, involving divers sidelights on the theatre of his day and on the theatre in general. Undoubtedly Henry James had things to contribute to a starving drama, things he carried on in his later novels and in the earlier novels as well, for that matter. This does not prove, however, that the theatre must shoulder the whole fault. And some passages in Professor Peacock well illustrate this point. He quotes lines from the preface to "The Ambassadors": "The novel remains still, under the right persuasion, the most independent, most elastic, most prodigious of literary forms." This, Professor Peacock says, proceeds from James's deepest intuitions, "for it means that the novel is elastic enough to be used for presenting a dramatic subject independently of the conditions of reënactment, a drama, in short, that won't go on a stage. And what could be more 'prodigious' than that?"

What, speaking of the theatre art, could be sillier than that? One might as well say that a composition too high to be played by the orchestra and heard by human ears was prodigious.

Nevertheless, this volume of essays is by a scholar with certain insights and worth reading by those who are sufficiently concerned with the subject.

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Art and Dogma

The Partisan Reader: Ten Years of Partisan Review. *Edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, with an introduction by Lionel Trilling. New York: The Dial Press. 688 pages. $3.75.*

"HE HAD," T. S. Eliot said of Henry James, "he had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it." This remark, possibly a paradox and certainly a slogan, formulates the now prevailing distinction between art and dogma. It does more than that: it underlines the major dilemma of modern literary culture. That dilemma has nowhere found a more intense expression than in *Partisan Review*, a periodical devoted to what two of its editors describe as the "modulation of literature and politics."

If *The Partisan Reader* really represents the ten years of the magazine's life, that description is inaccurate. There is, on the one hand, a good deal of literature and literary speculation, and there is on the other a good deal of politics, but except for the criticism by the two editors in question and that of a few contributors, the "modulation" seems to be missing. And I should not myself call it "modulation," but rather that "violation" of mind by idea which Eliot was pleased not to find in James.

There are many reasons why *Partisan Review* is the magazine among the quarterlies which one always picks up most eagerly, but I do not think that the intellectual bias of the editors is among these reasons. That bias is mainly of two kinds—anti-Stalinism in politics and naturalism in philosophy. When the magazine has been shrill, it has been so because of the first; when it has been stuffy, it has been so because of the second. The stuffiness has always been kept in its place, and the editorial espousal of positivism has not excluded from the chief contributors such religious poets as Eliot, Auden and Robert Lowell, or, in the realm of criticism, the liveliest possible interest in the varieties of anti-naturalism in modern literature and art. But the shrillness has not always been kept in its place. It has not done violence to the poetry of the stories, but it has come whining into some of the criticism, especially of that more casual sort called "Variety," at the back of the book.

What is wrong with this anti-Stalinism is that it is exactly as rigid as the Stalinism it attacks, with opinions exactly as predictable and mechanical. This is the dogma of dissent; no dogma is more inflexible. It may not be dangerous, but it is boring: it corrupts insight and it robs *Partisan Review* of half its function. If one is interested in a lively and imaginative practice of this function from this point of view, one no longer looks for it in *Partisan* but in its fractional descendant, *Politics*. And it is in *Politics* that the *Partisan* attitude has been described as being not anti-Stalinism but Stalinophobia. "*PR* condemns—which is good; but it does not think—which is bad."

THERE is a third editor, the only artist, Delmore Schwartz, of whom something separate should be written. He is represented in *The Reader* by one poem and one story—both among his best known and both very fine. I am sorry that one of his critical essays was not also included, simply to complete the case. His intellectual bias is not, to my knowledge, different from that of his colleagues, but his criticism and his poetry and his fiction all spring from deeper sources. His writing represents *Partisan* at its best, and it helps us to define the quality of that best. It is almost always peculiarly personal (sometimes amusingly so, as in his protagonist's name, "Belmont Weiss," and in the famous line "Delmore! What a pretty name . . ."), and at the same time, through its style, it almost always has a relation to general ideas. (I do not mean by "general ideas" a single attitude *toward* an idea.) This coupling of personality and generality through style is the characteristic particularly of the best fiction in *The Partisan Reader*: that by Schwartz himself, and that by Kafka, Bellow, Goodman, Mary McCarthy, Kaplan, Rosenfeld, and especially Lionel Trilling in his beautiful story, "Of This Time, Of That Place." Inversely, it is the absence of this coupling which makes the remainder of the stories (Farrell, Eleanor Clark, Elizabeth Bishop, Agee and Charles Jackson) inferior. I do not know if it is an accident that the five lesser works all appeared before 1939, and that the other eight all appeared after 1940, but it is not an accident, I am sure, that in only one of these eight—Kafka's, which is a historic exception—is there a political "modulation."

The significant fact is that the best work which has appeared in the *Partisan* has been apolitical, even asocial. The poets in the book provide a roll call of the politically uncommitted, a sheaf of non-political poems. In the section called "Interpretations," the essays of enduring interest prove to be scholarly examinations like Robert Vigneron's "Genesis of 'Swann,'" and Wylie Sypher's "The Metaphysicals and the Baroque"; useful reminiscences like Eugene Jolas' "My Friend James Joyce"; review-essays

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CHRISTIAN AND JEW!

(A Call To Arms)

I have assumed the duties of Administrative Chairman of the Political Action Committee for Palestine, Inc. The Committee, which bears no relation whatsoever to any other Political Action Committee in this country, is a vigorous, young, militant group of Jews and non-Jews in all walks of American life. This group has devoted itself to the task of the immediate repatriation of European Jews to Palestine and the recognition of the Jewish National State by the United Nations.

I am a Christian and because of this I do not conceive my position as merely an honorary post. On the contrary, I intend to devote most of my time toward achieving the purposes of the Committee.

Let me give you the reasons for my decision to join the Political Action Committee for Palestine in an active capacity, and what led me to it. It is not a strange decision from one who visited the concentration camps in Europe and has seen the lethal houses which consumed six million Jews.

FOOLISH OSTRICH

How long can we bury our heads in the sands like a foolish ostrich and still remain men? How long can we accept with a shrug of our shoulders the horrible torture and murder of six million men, women and children and still remain Christians? How long can we allow the pitiful remnant of a tragic people to rot in concentration camps and still be Americans? How long can we procrastinate with injustice and still believe that justice will prevail? How long can we look upon the machinations of other nations and watch them invade, enslave, torment and destroy a tiny nation, whose citizens have given us so much of our religion, our morals and countless other priceless gifts, and still remain a democracy, dedicated to the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter?

THE BLOOD OF MY ANCESTORS

I, for one, believe that justice, freedom and peace are indivisible in the international organism, and a spot, however small, where we allow injustice, slavery and war to continue, will develop into a malignant cancer which will devour us all.

I, for one, can no longer witness the tragedy of the Jews and the world's shameful unconcern for their fate. The blood of my ancestors who came to this country when the greatest metropolis in the world was a village, who helped build our nation, who helped free it from the tyrant's yoke, who helped unite it again, calls to my conscience and will not give me rest. It urges me to fight in a cause made holy by a river of innocent blood.

AWAKEN MY NATION'S CONSCIENCE

I shall henceforth devote my time and my energy to awaken my nation's conscience, even as mine has been awakened. I shall not weaken or tire until I see our brethren, the Jews, allowed to enter their Homeland, Palestine, and become a nation, free and independent, as our Government and the Governments of fifty-one nations, including Great Britain and the Arab States, have vowed it shall become.

In order that my efforts be more effective, I have assumed the Administrative Chairmanship of the Political Action Committee for Palestine, whose compelling program is the following:

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2. To advocate and effect the United Nations' recognition of Palestine as the national territory of this ethno-political entity.

3. To promote, urge and advocate the immediate repatriation to Palestine of the Jews in Europe.

4. To render aid, understanding and sympathy to those Jews in Palestine oppressed and persecuted by the Mandatory power because of their political views.

5. To urge withdrawal of British forces and civil officials from Palestine.

6. To demand elimination of Arab interference in Palestine's political situation.

7. To insist that no forces other than the Security Force of the United Nations should set foot on Palestine soil.

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This is a program which speaks for itself—in righteousness, justice, honor and freedom. It is a program which requires untiring labor and devotion. It is a program which requires funds and more funds to do the job and so *I appeal to you as an American to join me in this struggle and contribute whatever your conscience dictates.*

It is my intention to leave shortly for England where I plan to confer with members of the British Government. I will also fly to Palestine for the purpose of investigating conditions there and in the concentration camps outside of Palestine, including Cyprus and Eritrea.

As a member of Congress, I plan on my return, to report to our Government and to the Committee and the American people.

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like Morton Dauwen Zabel's "Rimbaud"; and historical reconstructions like Katherine Anne Porter's "A Goat for Azazel." Is something wrong?

Something is. In an eloquent introduction, Lionel Trilling calls *The Partisan Reader* "an ambiguous monument." It is a monument because, devoted to excellence in a world equally devoted to philistinism, it has survived at all; ambiguous, because it commands only 6,000 readers. This leads Trilling to a series of just and discouraging generalizations on the rift between "our liberal educated class" and "the deep places of the imagination" as they have been explored by the truly great modern writers—"Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot, Mann (in his creative work), Kafka, Rilke, Gide." Then he imputes to *Partisan Review* the ten-year task of organizing "a new union between our political ideas and our imaginations," of insisting "that politics is imagination and mind" lest we "learn that imagination and mind are politics, and of a kind we will not like." This is well said, and it expresses well the *ambition* of *Partisan Review*, and everyone will agree that no ambition could be nobler or more necessary. But the *Reader* is "ambiguous" for this further reason, that even taking politics in its terms, the rift between the writers the editors seek out and the ideas the editors themselves espouse, the rift even between the imaginative writings of one of the editors and his political ideas, remains exactly as great as that between Joyce or Lawrence and popular liberalism.

If *Partisan Review* is to be judged in terms of having made a "union" between politics and imagination, it has, on the evidence of the *Reader*, failed. It is possible that it has failed because its own politics have not been imaginative enough. If it is to be judged in terms of its persistent alertness to cheap and gross and facile "solutions" to the really vexed and intractable problems in our culture, it has succeeded, and its own tortured history dramatizes the complexity of these problems. If we take the magazine at anything less than its own ambition—as quarter by quarter, year by year, providing us with some of the very best current writing and with most of the very best living writers—it has succeeded again.

But as the editors should by now have learned from their writers, one cannot be serious and great and at the same time, *all* the time, churlish and self-righteous and nail-biting.

MARK SCHORER

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A Reader's List

Planning No. 256. Europe and the Ruhr (Political and Economic Planning. Available through the New Republic, *25 cents).* German economic recovery is essentially a political matter, says PEP in this broadsheet, yet no diplomatic solution can be effective without a clear recognition of the hard core of economic facts. The editors state these facts incisively and show how the Ruhr, with its potential output in coal, iron and steel, engineering and chemicals, can contribute to a revival of a shattered Europe. Moreover, the dependence of German production on foreign ore offers a method of control without destroying plants and equipment. With ore imports subject to international control, "a fairly high level of output could be maintained in the Ruhr with the assurance that production could at any time be quickly reduced if security reasons made reduction necessary." In this way, it is suggested, international control to prevent the resurgence of German nationalist ambitions can be combined with maximum production.

The Control of Venereal Disease, by R. A. Vonderlehr, M.D., and J. R. Heller Jr., M.D. (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.75). The authors of this book are officers of the U. S. Public Health Service and both were active in the campaign against venereal disease which was started in 1936 by the Surgeon General. This drive was supported by funds made available by the Social Security Act of the same year and later augmented. Subsequent progress demonstrates how much may be done simply by utilizing the information already available, by permitting the practice to overtake the research. The book is a concise, authoritative statement of the problems involved in the eradication of syphilis and gonorrhea on a large scale. It reviews the control methods used, with particular reference to the new problems created by the war. The role of the prostitute, the delinquent and the promiscuous in the spread of venereal infection is discussed, as well as the causative psychological and economic factors. The effective use of penicillin in gonorrhea and its potentialities in treating syphilis are described. The work done thus far shows that effective control of venereal disease is possible; the public must be educated, our legislators informed and our scientists supported. Therein lies the solution.

Mister Roberts, by Thomas Heggen (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). An episodic account of life aboard a Pacific cargo ship in the later phases of the war which in its quiet way tells more of what Navy life was like than any other book by a veteran. A tendency toward coyness and an easy O. Henry solution to several of the chapters may annoy some readers, but most will agree that Heggen is one of the few combat authors who have had the skill and luck to catch the war's meaning for the average combatant.

The Inhabitants, by Wright Morris (Scribner's, $3.75). Brilliant photographs of the American scene, particularly small-town America, "inhabited" by the author-photographer's verbal commentary on the people who live there. The publishers, fortunately, have provided Morris with a book worthy of his photographs and text.

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By the Editor-elect of the NEW REPUBLIC

I would not accept this platform if I did not have the assurance that every effort will be made to get the *New Republic* read by workers, small businessmen and farmers all over the United States. I want the *New Republic* to be a window on the future. I want it to be "must" reading by liberals all over the world. I want it to be so simple that high school students can understand it and so sound that doctors of philosophy respect it. I want it to lead to action, to effective political action in terms of progressive Congressmen elected who will serve the interests of all the people regardless of special pressure groups. Education and sound analysis—yes. But always in terms of action.

Henry A. Wallace

The first issue to appear under Mr. Wallace's editorship will be dated December 16th.

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CONTENTS

Editorials
Disarmament 611
Civilians for Atom Control 612
The Real-Estaters' Plan 613
Election Story 614
Washington Wire . . . . . T. R. B. 615

General Articles
Molotov and Austin . . . Vincent Sheean 616
Nail 'Em Down! 618
The New Atomic Commission 620
End the Franco Tyranny! . . . Jose Giral 622
Why the Pilots Strike . . . Heinz Eulau 624
John R. Steelman . . . . . Tris Coffin 625
Letter from Tokyo . . . Hessell Tiltman 627
Synge and Webb . . . . . Stark Young 628
Radio: Neutrality . . . . . Ted Cott 629
Very Sweet Sixteen . . . . Manny Farber 629
The Bandwagon 630

Correspondence 630

Books in Review
Testament for America . Walton Hamilton 631
The Poet Speaks? . . . . . Stark Young 632
Art and Dogma . . . . . Mark Schorer 634
A Reader's List 636
Crime and Punishment . . . . . E. H. 638

New Republic News 638

Crime and Punishment

The Silent Speaker, by Rex Stout (Viking, $2.50). Cheney Boone, director of the Bureau of Price Regulations, is murdered just before he is to address the National Industrial Association at the Waldorf. The NIA, frantic to end a lot of damaging publicity, hires Nero Wolfe—plus, of course, Archie Goodwin, fresh from the war and still very fresh. Wolfe succeeds in finding out who wanted Boone silenced, and why, and a dandy time is had by all.

Murder Miscellany.—Dark Passage, by David Goodis (Messner, $2), relates how a likable young man, framed for a killing of which he was innocent, escapes from the jug and confounds his enemies. In *Cat and Mouse,* by Eaton K. Goldthwaite (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2.50), five white mice play a sinister role in a skillful, though tricky, yarn, and Carter Dickson, in *My Late Wives* (Morrow, $2.50), draws heavily on George Joseph Smith and Landru for a plot that gives old H. M. all the scope even *he* could desire. *Murder with a Difference* (selected by Christopher Morley, Random, $2.75) brings together three of the best crime novels of recent years—Richard Hull's *Murder of My Aunt,* H. F. Heard's *A Taste for Honey* and Patrick Hamilton's *Hangover Square.*

New Republic News

We hope that our friends among the GI's now in college saw last week's full-page announcement of the new *NR* short-story contest. Anybody going to school under the GI Bill is eligible to submit his or her entry for one of the prizes, which total $1,000. We'll try to publish the winning manuscripts as soon as possible after January 31, when the contest closes. If you aren't a GI, but know of one in college, by all means pass the word along.

• • •

Our mailman is still bowed down mornings under the weight of letters and postcards congratulating Henry Wallace—and us—on his appointment as chief editor. Although we've been doing our best, we cannot possibly print all of these letters. It is encouraging to read in them the hopes of a great mass of people determined to support the United Nations, a good-neighbor policy with Russia, a balanced, non-regimented economy at home and, above all, the abolition of fear between nations. These letters have given Wallace and the *NR* staff the warmest kind of nourishment for the political energies needed ahead.

• • •

In order to keep up to the minute with UN developments, we've established a teletype connection with UN headquarters at Lake Success and Flushing Meadow. Being, like everybody else these days, in a tough way for office space, we first had to pry the teletype between the elbows of bodies massed like the unfortunates of some ancient Roman galley. The apparatus then set up such a chatter as to send several colleagues into traumatic shakes. So now, by executive order, the teletype has been transferred to the coat closet, where, behind closed doors, it grinds away in solitude, occasionally threatening to draw nearby sleeves into its maw, but seldom disturbing the peace.

• • •

Charles Krutch is a member of the TVA staff at Knoxville.

I. I. Rabi is professor of Physics at Columbia University.

Jerome N. Frank is a judge of the US Circuit Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, in New York.

R. J. Blakely is assistant editor of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune.*

Robert E. Sherwood is the author of "The Petrified Forest," "Idiot's Delight," "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and "There Shall Be No Night." His statement on page 623 first appeared as a letter to the Washington *Post.*

Hessell Tiltman was Far Eastern correspondent for the London *Daily Express* before the Pacific war. He has been in Japan since last December.

Walton Hamilton, professor at Yale Law School, author and frequent *New Republic* contributor, has worked at various times and in various capacities for the federal government.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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